LOOK OUT FOR A THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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ALICE OF MARYLAND; Or, THE MOUNTAIN TEN.

By T. C HARBAUGH, author of "Robespierre," "San Francisco Sorceress," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MISSING MAN.

"Merciful heavens! it is murder!"

Such was the cry that pealed from Alice Ford's throat when, in the middle of the South Mountain road, she found the body of Harland ——.

She was thrilled to the soul by her gruesome find, and especially so after the exciting events of that night of storm. The young man was white-faced and silent, and the agonized girl bent over him and gazed long and lovingly into his drawn face.

Whose deed was it?

She had heard the shot, heard it from her home, and if she had looked down the road, for it was visible some distance from her window, she might have seen the victim fall.

Alice scarcely knew what to do. She could not carry the victim of the mountain tragedy back to her house and she scarcely dared leave the body where it was.

Yet something had to be done and this was rendered imperative when, upon a closer examination, she detected a slight fluttering of the pulse.

He might live, but it was doubtful. Then vengeance! Alice in her thoughts vowed that she would devote the remainder of her life to ferreting out the doer of the deed.

It was not the first crime of the mountain since the breaking out of the war.

The Mountain Ten, as the Confederate league was called, had more than once had a crime charged to it and, on the other hand, the Unionists were not slow at reprisal.

It was a dark vendetta in the mountain and there were deeds that would never be solved till the Judgment Book was opened.

The storm had left in its wake a ghastly stillness. The winds had gone back to their caves, the thunder was far off, nor was it heard, but in faint echoes on that side of the mountain, and the stars looked down upon the track of the tempest.

Alice determined at last to run back for help. She would not be gone long—but a few minutes at the farthest—and Keedy could be taken to a place of rest and safety.

With a last glance at the motionless figure in the road she darted off.

The exigencies of the case lent speed to her limbs and in a little while she was rousing Aunt Salome.

This good woman heard with bated breath the strange story Alice told.

Aunt Salome knew the ways of the mountain, she knew the dark deeds of old Tom Creager and his gang and said boldly that she would not put this crime past him.

"When we have him safe in the house you must ride to Middletown for Doctor Baer," said Aunt Salome. "We can trust him. He is loyal and will bring Harland Keedy back to life if it can be done."

"I will go. I will take Lightwing, the brown horse, and make the sparks fly behind him!" cried the now courageous girl. "Doctor Baer shall come back with me."

By this time the two women were near the spot where Alice had left her lover.

Suddenly Aunt Salome turned upon her fair charge.

"Tell me," said she, with some sternness, "How came he in this part of the mountain tonight?"

Alice blushed.

"You need keep nothing back for the truth will out," continued Aunt Salome.

"He came to see me," was the response.

"If I had kept him with me awhile longer perhaps this dreadful thing would not have happened."

"Not if the murderer was lying in wait for his victim? Nay, child. He would have waited till daylight for his prey. Where is he? Are we not near the spot?"

"It is just yonder where the road bends. We'll be there in a minute. Ah! there is the big oak and——"

Alice quickened her pace and ran forward, Aunt Salome followed at her heels.

All at once a piercing shriek rang from Alice's throat and she stopped as if a mountain rattlesnake had hissed in her path.

"He is gone!"

The two women stood stock still and gazed at the empty road before them.

There was not the sign of a human body on the ground; the spot was deserted by all but themselves.

Aunt Salome shot the girl a reproving look.

"You've been dreaming, child," said she. "This is simply a vision of the night, brought on by the exciting times we are living in."

"Nay, Aunt, I heard the shot and found him here. Look! They have dragged something along here. You can see the trail where the rain dampened the ground. And

the bushes yonder! Have they not been heavy burden by the banishment of a burden of some kind?"

Aunt Salome was staring at the spot designated by the young girl and in her heart she was obliged to confess that the keen eyes of her little protege had not deceived her.

Alice sprang forward and halted at the bushes which had been pressed down as if some body had been dragged through them to the back wall and forced deeper into the mountain.

"It is all plain!" cried Alice, with a hasty glance over her shoulder at her companion. "You can see for yourself, Aunt. Whatever else the bushes conceal, one man is not!"

Aunt Salome came nearer and inspected the spot. It was plain to her as well as to Alice.

Silently the two women gazed into the dark bushes that kept their secret well, and shuddered at what they might hide.

"We can do nothing till morning," said the elder. "Then we will spread the news."

"When it is too late," broke in the Mountain Princess. "The fiend will have long since escaped with the body of his victim. The moonlight must be raised, tonight. The tavern is all down yonder."

Aunt Salome's brow contracted.

"Yes, he is a distant relative of Hatland's—"

"And he hates him, too!"

"Never mind that hatred," cried the girl. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, you know. You owe no one back. And, I will go to the Mountain House."

"Alone?"

"Why not? Haven't I crossed the mountain after dark?"

"Yes—"

"No back! Leave everything to me," and Alice pushed Aunt Salome away with the determination of a fearless soul. "There are always men at Keedy's, and especially since the season began."

Two minutes later the elder woman was walking resolutely back toward the house while Alice had crossed her face down the hike toward Dave Keedy's resort.

It was a gloomy night, still and stifling, surrounded thus as now by a tangle of trees and vines in the storm that he traversed the mountain road and its perches indicative of decay.

A light was seen to twinkle in it as Alice Ford came near, but suddenly it disappeared.

The girl stopped at the vanishment of the light and looked into the shadows.

Strange things seemed to take shape around her. She recalled the wild ghost stories she had heard, stories of the ghostly tenants of the old mountain, how people had disappeared in the vicinity of Dave Keedy's tavern, and how never again had a trace of them been found.

But she kept on. It was not for her to go back with the mystery of that night unsolved.

She thought she must be near the tavern when she suddenly halted.

The light had not shown up again. Suddenly there was a rustle of something alongside the path, a frightened rabbit. Alice thought, and the next moment a hand came out of the darkness and seized the wrist upon which Mother Grossnickle had set the pierced heart!

CHAPTER VI.
HEARD IN THE DARK.

In vain did the mountain beauty struggle. She was in a grip which she could not loosen, a grip that seemed to press the very bone. Look as she might she could not catch the slightest glimpse of a face. It was nothing of the form to which the iron hand belonged.

Yet she was a prisoner as surely as if walls of stone had hedged her in.

Not a word had been spoken by her captor.

Once or twice a question trembled on her lips, but she did not send it forth.

At first Alice felt like a hand of a man and then the fingers seemed too long for that and Alice, drawing back the length of her slender father, decided that she had not the mystery with her eyes.

"Will you release my wrist," she at last cried out in her agony. "For God's sake let me go! I am a girl—"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

The laugh seemed to well up from some dark cave in the secret hills and echoed on either side of the gloomy road.

In another moment Alice felt herself being dragged from the scene of her capture, but the darkness was less for she was in the grip of a powerful being and she no longer held back.

At last she heard the grating of a door as it opened, a door which she could not see.

She felt her throat subsiding over the threshold and the heavy portal was closed.

Alice fell against a wall that was cool to her flushed face.

She put out her hands and felt the rough stones of which the walls and surroundings were damp with ooze and the floor was almost as damp.

She must be in the Mountain House, but she could not imagine in what particular part of the old house. She had seen strange stories about that old place, of dark rooms, deep cellars, which, it was said, had held more than one unfortunate prisoner.

In vain did Alice tug at the heavy lock on the door which she found in the darkness.

It was as motionless as a portal of adamant; she beat against it till her strength seemed to wholly desert her and then fell helpless and trembling against the door again.

The cage would hold the bird; it was strong enough to hold a giant, to say nothing of a young girl.

Alice thought of the coming day; she recalled the adventures of the night, the shot, the finding of Harland Keedy in the road, the visit of Mother Grossnickle, the losing of the body, he run toward the Mountain House and her present peril.

Then she remembered the prophecies of the coming battle. She knew that Lee was just beyond the mountain, that his legions would probably hold the ground upon which her prison stood by the morning and that a battle would rage round her cell, that perhaps the cold bullet would be burned over her head and—it was enough to drive a woman mad.

Alice followed exhaustion. Alice sank to the ground and passed into a fitful slumber which restored her nerves. She awoke with a start.

It seemed to her that she had heard a voice.

She listened with her heart in her throat and her breath choked in her throat.

They seemed to come from overhead and she suspected that a door was there.

But not a glimmer of light could she see and she strained her eyes to their utmost for that purpose.

All at once there broke in upon her ears a laugh that seemed to pierce her like a knife. It was not a man's exclamation, but a woman's, clear, strong, and full of triumph and derision.

"I've a pretty cage," said a voice after the laugh had died away, "it will hold the bird, eh, Tom?"

"Hold her till doomsday!"

"Good!"

"You will let me kiss you now, won't you?"

"Not yet. We'll make sure of the caging, you know."

"But the bird is so well caged that she will never escape—"

"Unless myself—"

Alice put her hand over her mouth.

There was another laugh and Alice drew back till she figured the wall.

"Tom, you are a fiend to do that! But let me see. What did she say?"

"Hold her till doomsday!"

"Good!"

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"But the bird is so well caged that she will never escape—"

"Unless myself—"

"Unless you let her out."

"

the target, a little too much wind last night came—"

He paused and looked toward the door.

"I low it's time for the others ter come," he went on.

"The others?" echoed Keedy.

"Yes, the Pen."

In spite of his situation young Keedy started, but he did not give the old man a glance of mercy.

"Then Bushes sometimes what the rifles spare," continued Creager. "It was my fault last night, but ther Pen will make it square."

"You have no right to hold me here," said Keedy.

"Might is right on South Mountain. I'm a little sorry 'tis so on yer account, for I knowed yer ole father an' a fairly good man was he. Then, yer mother, young sir—"

"Come! Enough of this!" broke in Keedy. "Since you have the power to take my life, for I am helpless in your hands as you see by your rascally attempt at murder last night, what's the charge against me?"

"You're a spy!"

"I'm a Unionist, that I will confess, for it is no disgrace to be loyal to the Government come men on this mountain would betray."

Keedy gave his fearless reply, "I am not a spy, but I don't deny that if I came across information that would be of service to the Union I would see that it reached the proper parties."

"I thought so. That settles it," cried Creager. "They're here now!"

The low browed door swung open.

As Tom Creager stepped back, dropping the stock of his rifle to the floor, the six men filed into the chamber and glanced from him to Keedy.

Keedy knew them all. They were mountaineers, and members of the Mountain Pen.

Not one of the five spoke, but looked to Creager for orders or information.

The glance of the young man on the cot swept the line of men; he could have called every name. He could have recalled a crime against each man, for their ledgers were not clean! they had transgressed the laws of God and man and the mountain fastness had concealed evidence which would have sent them to the halter.

At last old Creager raised his hand and waved it toward Keedy.

"That's the night prowler, boys," said he. "We're here for pass judgment on him an' ter execute. We made no yer mistake, for it's not necessary ter go over a rigmarole before them willers on the mountain today. That's the prisoner—a self-confessed Yankee spy. What's ther verdict?"

Not a word was uttered before a single man opened his lips.

Then there swept in the cold eyes that regarded him, none in the hearts that beat beneath the rough mountain clothes.

He shut his lips hard and waited. Oh, for a moment's liberty! He would show these murderers what one desperate man could do. But it was not to be. He was wholly in their power, doomed, as he knew before a man spoke.

The silence that prevailed was short, but deep. One might have heard a pin drop on the floor of the old shack. The wind outside howled like the boughs that touched the old cabin. A squirrel set up its chatter in the nearest pine.

At last the foremost of the five, with another glance at Tom Creager, said:

"I vote for death!"

This unsealed the lips of the other villains.

"And me, too," said another, and the words were repeated mercilessly until the last had spoken.

Tom Creager picked up his rifle and toyed with the trigger.

"That bein' settled," said he, "ther execution of ther verdict remains. Who shall do it?"

"You, Tom!"

Creager stepped back to the farthest corner of the cabin. With the coolness of a janitary he cocked the rifle and lifted it to his shoulder. In another second he was looking along the barrel straight into Keedy's eyes. The young man did not flinch. He held his breath and waited, waited for death!

The reader will find in next week's Ledger another exciting installment of this interesting war drama. As with every story that appears in the pages of the Ledger, this story will entertain you highly until you reach the end. Then you will be on the threshold of the long season comprising autumn and winter months with most people there is leisure for reading. You will find this paper one of the best companions for that time. Subscribe in regard to it now. If you are not already taking the paper requisition a friend to do one subscribe for it. Its price is only $1.00 per year. If you purchase it from the book or at great novels that appear in its pages during a year they would cost at least $25.00, besides, you may have one of our elegant dress suit or style of our splendid patterns without cost by securing a number of subscription for the Ledger. Note our advertisement of premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

THE SILVER BUTTON.

By EDWARD MINTURN.

Just after the close of the Spanish-American War, the neighborhood of Talaveria, in the Philippines, was infested and terrorized with bandits that travel was almost entirely suspended.

These bandits, known as Saltedores were numerous, well-armed and able to defy the government force, which, after its withdrawal from the islands by the United States, had not much strength to spare for the suppression of brigandage.

One evening, an English traveler, a merchant, who had been compelled to transact across the Sierra Moreas, arrived alone at a small inn at the foot of this mountain.

He called for the best supper the inn could furnish, and while it was being prepared, he sat in the open air, and enjoyed the cool breeze that came from the mountains.

The one was readily got, the other promised, and in spite of the dreary appearance of the house, the traveler determined to remain for the night.

Before sitting down to supper, a noble-looking Spaniard came in, appearing to be a man of wealth and refinement and prepared accustomed for the road.

Glad to meet any one with whom he might converses, as he spoke Spanish fluently, the merchant addressed the Spaniard, invited him to join him at supper, and though the former seemed at first rather reserved he at length accepted the Englishman's feelings by his own cordiality and the former desire to serve a fellow man, but the latter soon came out of his reserve, and before supper was over they were on the most friendly footing.

Their intercourse remained very pleasant during the course of the evening until it was time to retire, when the Spaniard, in a most friendly manner, asked the English merchant what route he intended to pursue in the morning.

The latter replied the most direct which his guide could show him over the mountains, as he was anxious to arrive at the end of his journey.

The Spaniard gravely said he was sorry for this, for he had good reason to know that that road was so infested with robbers that it would be impossible for him to be molested.

"Robbers or no robbers, I must go, for a large sum will be lost if I neglect the business that calls me. There can be no fear."

"Can you not tarry for a couple of days, and by that time the bandits may change their quarters, and the road be safer?" said the Spaniard earnestly.

"Impossible! I have said that cannot be by night," said the Englishman, firmly, yet politely.

"Take my word for it, senor, you cannot cross the mountains to-morrow without being attacked, and probably robbed, if not murdered."

"Then if it must be so, it must," said the Englishman. "I have not a great deal of money with me, and what I do take, I can get more beyond. The bandits surely will not take my life, for I do not carry arms with me, and I can see no possible sin as to resist robbers."

"Senor, the bandits are not cowardly assassins, and would not slay an unarmed man, I am sure," said the Spaniard.

"Nevertheless, I will risk it, and as I may start before you rise, senor, I will even now bid you a kind farewell."

"Not yet, senor—not yet!" said the Spaniard, "I have a proposition to make to you. It was my fortune, some time since, to have to cross this dreaded mountain, occupied by the bandits of the Saltedores. As I am a man, also alone, as you have met me, who seemed to take a kind interest in me as I acknowledges to feel for you, and he said the chief having once rendered the Captain of the band a service, by believing he could give me a pass which would preserve me and my property from harm, and cause the bandits to let me pass in safety."

"Much better than a king's passport!" said the Englishman. "Did you pass safely with it?"

"I did, though it was only a silver button!" said the Spaniard. "Here it is—take it, and I pray Heaven it may serve you as well as it did me!"

The Spaniard handed the merchant a strongly gilt button, and then proceeded to him to be very careful of it, and if met by highwaymen to instantly show it before they proceeded to extremities.

The merchant in courtesy took it, but he had little faith in its powers, and was though he was too polite to say so to the donor.

They now bade each other good night, and the Englishman, after giving orders to be called at daylight, went to bed.

Early next morning, provided with a guide, he set out over the mountain. Unaccustomed to the fatigue the guide soon and the rugged steeps, when suddenly from the dark mouths of caves there rushed upon them—the guide was knocked down by the butt end of a rifle, and the Englishman heard the usual demand:

"Deliver or die!"

The attack was so sudden that he forgot all about his button, and instantly pulled out his purse and gave them up, together with the bandits, who were very rude and abusive, declaring that they had not found a richer prize.

Suddenly he thought of his button, and calling to the apparent leader of the band, he said:

"Senor, I have one other article of value about me, which I forgot to exhibit in my haste to answer your demand!"

"Let me have it, then. Is it a jewel?" asked the robber.

"That remains to be seen," said the traveler, as he drew out the button and held it in sight.

Never was a change more magical.

The robber never asked where he had got the button, but he instantly returned him his purse and watch, lifted the stunned guide from the ground, and begged pardon of the traveler in the most humble manner.

As soon as the guide was able to sit on his mule, the bandits selected and ordered an escort of good men, and bade them see the Englishman safely through the mountain passes, to provide him with refreshment, and not to leave him until he was entirely beyond the range of danger.

The merchant was as much astonished as he was pleased, and he rode on with a light heart after this adventure, with his escort before and behind him.

A couple of hours later they drew up before a solitary house in a wild, romantic dell, and there—standing in the doorway, was the man who gave the silver button.

He reached out his hand to the Englishman, and said:

"I arrived before you, my friend, that I might have a good dinner ready for you and your escort, and that you might not be here sad under escort, for my men never leave a traveler who comes under the token from their chieftain's hand!"

The Englishman was much a man of the world to express the surprise he felt—yet his heart was full of gratitude when he found that the button of which he spoke that he had met and treated the stranger with such kindness, was the token of hospitality and protection in turn.

He remained with his ransoming overnight with him, as he otherwise must camp in the mountains, and at dawn went on with him the remainder of his journey, and until he was safe in the settled valleys beyond the mountains.

Then he bade him a courteous farewell, and left him a gift of money, which was not only as a memento of him, but as a token which would be respected by every bandit who knew him, no matter where he was met.

He Was "It."

The valor of the individual does not depend on the size.

A small boy was dressed in football costume, and with a jaunty air he walked into the office of a country newspaper and handed the editor a dirty piece of paper. On it was a brief account of a juvenile football-contest which had taken place that afternoon.

Glancing at the report, the editorial eye caught the words:

"Mannington kicked a magnificent goal—the finest ever seen on the ground."

"Who is Mannington?" asked the editor. The hero stepped forward and thumb of his right hand proudly to his breast.

"I am Mannington!" he said, calmly.

Total Abstainers.

"Is this a dry town?" anxiously asked the stranger with the big satchel.

"Wal, I should say we mister," replied the old man who was loafing in the station.

"Pretty strict, eh?"

"Strict? Why, even the mosquitoes wouldn't bite a man with a red nose."

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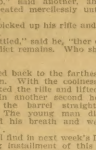

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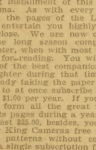

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The Scoop at Pocatello.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!"

Following supper, Larry disappeared, a new guard taking his place. Another guard, likewise, was posted at the well.

Under such circumstances Mac felt that any attempt at escape would be worse than useless. Where Hawkins was Mac did not know.

They had met at the supper table, and when the meal was finished Hawkins had been taken away and Mac another. Alone in his room, Mac smoked a cigar and reflected.

In order to dispel Mollie's fears he had told her that the publication of the dispatch would not necessarily involve him. In this he had taken liberties with the truth, but he had felt justified in doing so.

In Denver, McQuaid and the Commonwealth were undoubtedly connected in the popular mind. It would therefore be easy for any one in Pocatello to discover Mac Quaid's intermediacy in the matter of the dispatch.

Mac nevertheless was optimistic. A sense of duty well performed ministered wonderfully to his peace of mind.

One thing alone annoyed him, and he puzzled his brain somewhat on account of it. Mollie and O'Kay subject to every vagary of her feminine will.

O'Kaye's plans were too pronounced to admit of doubt. But where was Mollie?

Mac slept well that night. Hawkins was not at the breakfast table next morning, and Ticknor's force had been so depleted that only twelve cowboys and Larry Hall who had charge of Mac.

Hall just returned from Painted Butte with word from Meigs? And had that word involved the removal of the Ness-Zacetis band to other lairs?

Naturally Mac could obtain no information on these two points. The obvious conclusion at which he arrived seemed sufficiently obvious.

Breakfast over, Mac was allowed the freedom of the porch. His guards even played cards with him—a game they called poker, which was nothing more than poker.

In the middle of the game Mac suddenly flung down his cards. "What's ter pay?" demanded one of the cowboys.

"I just happened to think that this is Sunday," Mac answered.

"You ought ter let a little thing like that head ye off!" the second cowboy queried.

"It's a matter of principle with me," he added, "you fellows have a way of shifting the cut and corralling all the best cards."

Mac winked, and the cowboys continued to play by themselves. Two or three travelers rode up to the ranch for dinner, faring southward when dinner was over.

Toward evening a dust cloud appeared on the Pocatello trail. Mac watched it languidly, then jumped erect with a startled exclamation when he saw Mollie ride out of it.

Why was Mollie coming back? Could it be that she had paid her visit to Hawkins?

Mac's optimism began to ebb. Perhaps Mollie had been baited and the important message gone by the board.

The girl was riding at a leisurely canter. Else another Mac; absorbed in what he was pursuing smile it merely added to his perplexity.

Leaping lightly from the saddle Mollie advanced toward the porch, bridle rein over her arm. One of the cowboys sprang down the steps and stepped in front of her.

"Where's Mac, Mollie," said he.

"Ticknor says no one is to come anywhere near the prisoner."

Mollie shot the plaint O'Kay to deal with now. "All right, Tom Hackett," she said, and Chet O'Kay heard the order.

Ticknor came out puffing at his pipe. "That girl ag'in!" Mac heard him mutter, then turned down and noted Mollie talking at Tom Hackett and jerking his head backward past the door.

Mac was immediately re-conducted to his room. He was not surprised, for he had no desire for support, although he went down and sat at the table in the hope of getting a word with Mollie.

But Mollie did not appear, and the reporter heard out a sleepless night. The gray dawn of the following morning a clatter of hoofs reached his ears, and he sprang from bed and hurried to the window.

A horseman dashed up to the wall and then limited the flight of the staggering horse. Tom Hackett was on guard at the side of the house.

"Where's Ticknor, Hackett?" the newcomer flung at him.

"Here!" called Ticknor, stepping from the kitchen door. "What's in the wind, Hurly?"

"Them cattlemen are within five miles o' ye, Nate, and a detachment from their main force is headin' this way to look you up. Better take what men ye got here and hike."

"Hike!" the word came from Ticknor with scornful emphasis. "Have I put a mark on any beef critters? Do I own anythin' more'n a couple o' cows? If them barons try to stir me up they'll find they've got their hands full.

"Put your broncs' in the corral, Hurly, then come into the house. You, too, Hackett. I reckon McQuaid won't try to pull out. He might be worse off in the barons' hands than he is in ours."

Hurly started his lathered horse toward the corral and Hackett hurried into the house with Ticknor. A moment later, the other guard was on hand to bring the prisoner down.

Warlike preparations were going forward below stairs. Doors were secured and a man with a rifle was stationed at a window in each room. Each rifle stuck out a quarter might be repelled.

The attack was supposed to be the safest place and Mollie and Mrs. Ticknor were left there in charge of Hawkins.

Mac looked out on the front room, ready for fight or parley when the opposing force of cattlemen arrived. With them was Larry.

"Things is focusin' down," confided Tricknor, "to a reckonin' with Hawkins was passed, who's to have the upper hand on this part o' the range. You're the bone o' contention, Mac, and McQuaid, and keep quiet.

"I ain't aimin' never intended you any harm; my orders was to keep ye here for a spell until word come from Denver, turned. But if you got obstreperous, and try to take a hand or to run away, I'm not to be held responsible for what happens."

"What am I being held for, anyhow?" Mac asked.

"Jest because you're McQuaid. And now ye know as much as I do."

Ticknor had been slipped away, the vigilant Ticknor sitting at the window and scanning the Pocatello trail. At the end of the half hour he sprang up, kicked away the table and took from a gun rack his rifle.

"Here comes a passel of 'em," he growled; "four, no nigh on it. Now then, Mac."

The man addressed uttered an exclamation of astonishment and a look of wonder crossed his face. Mollie, on O'Kay's horse, came closer and closer and finally halted directly in front.

Mac, by shifting his position slightly, was able to look through the window and take in what was going on. Of these four, as Ticknor had said. Three of them were mounting and guarding a fourth man—Hawkins.

The three then drew close to the porch, and Mac discovered that one of them was Bradford, the Sheriff. If the reporter's surprise was great, it was nothing to that displayed by Hawkins when he saw Mac. He sat bolt upright in the saddle, his face pale, but his voice sharp and determined. Mac could hear what he said with whom I please."

"It's a part of my business" continued Bradford, "to clear the country of innocent bystanders. I suppose it's merely an accident that brought you under the same roof with McQuaid?"

"That's none o' your business!" the Sheriff's voice was unmistakable.

"Accident or no," interposed Mac calmly, "it not a matter that calls for remedies from a two-faced cur like yourself."

Hawkins, sitting erect on his spurred heels, bringing his clenched fist under the reporter's nose.

"If I wasn't an officer of the law," he gritted, "and if it wasn't my sworn duty to protect you, I'd—I'd—but I wouldn't push up any such language."

Mollie's face was pale.

"Mebby you think I can't clip your spurs for you?" retorted Mac.

"Your personal courage isn't in question," said Mac "It's your official honor, which you have seen fit to take contempt of only when there's something to be made of it."

"Honor!" came the sneering retort. "You're a bloodhound, McQuaid. Scenting a fight, you've followed me from Ness-Pocatello and begin layin' your wires to make it worth while. Honor, indeed!"

Mac's hard knuckles came in contact with the Sheriff's jaw. The report of the reporter's sudden moves, and Bradford flung up his hands and reeled against the table, back of him.

His two men grabbed Mac on either side and pulled him away. Bradford, recovering, floundered to regain his balance and jerk out of the table his six-shooters from his belt. Bradford's face was livid with rage.

"By the eternal," he shouted "I'll nail you for assaulting an officer in the performance of his duty—that's what it is."

Mac, as the Sheriff's words entered through a window, flashed upon the horror of the weapon as it was flourished before Bradford's eyes. The reporter was silent for a moment, and then Mollie threw herself in front of him.

"If I were a man," said Mollie, "Mr. McQuaid would not be left one to resent your uncalled for insinuations. Put away your revolver and be thankful that you have escaped so easily."

The fire in Bradford's eye smouldered to sullenness, and he turned and led he thrust the weapon back in his belt.

"Heavy these people got horses!" he demanded of Ticknor.

"Yes," the rancher replied.

"Then get on ready, and pronto. They ride with us."

Ticknor hurried out of the house and Bradford, vouchsafing Mac a malignant look through his half closed eyes, lurched off in the direction of the kitchen.

Mollie's chance to speak with McQuaid had come. Mac's witnesses, however, and she had to be guarded.

"You have nothing to worry about, Mr. McQuaid," she said, and her glance conveyed more than the words.

"Thank you, Miss Denning," he returned. The horses were brought in a few minutes later, and Mollie and Mac were led to the front of the house and made to mount. Mac's broncho stood between the Sheriff's and another bestridden by one of his men—a rista stretching from saddlehorn to saddlehorn and passing through the bit-rings of Mac's bridle.

Chico was likewise held in leash by the Sheriff's two remaining men. Ticknor had caught up his own horse and was likewise ready for the trail.

He did not ride in the direction of Pocatello, however, but went careering southward as the Sheriff and his party fared to the north. Mac's heart sank, for he divined that Ticknor was carrying a message to Meigs that was to take the place of the one that had been intercepted and cached. No attention had been paid by the Sheriff to Hurly, Hackett or the other man at Ticknor's whom the reporter knew to be rustlers. This was a small matter, but, taken in connection with other developments, went to prove that Bradford had an understanding with the lawless men on the southern part of the range.

The Sheriff and his men traveled briskly with their prisoners. Mac's hope that he and Mollie were to be taken to the main body of the cattlemen's force was short lived.

At the path leading into the ravine and down to Seidlitz's cabin the party turned from the trail and rode slowly toward the spring. On the left of the path Mac saw the mound of loose earth that was the final resting place of the unfortunate rustler.

"You men stay outside and take care of the live stock," ordered Bradford, when the prisoners had been made to dismount. "I'll take charge of the prisoners. You'll know it quick's enough, into the house," he added to Mac and Mollie, indicating the door with his revolver barrel. "I don't expect to be long about it."

They preceded him into the cabin.

"Might as well sit down," Bradford continued, his voice full of the cold satisfaction of a bench. They silently seated themselves, waiting for what was to come.

Bradford deposited himself on a stool, near the door, and plunged immediately into the particular business that had claims his attention.

"John Snell," said he, "got clear of the Pocatello jail and made a rush for the bush and got away—leastways, I've come to me that he was carryin' a message from some rustler sympathizers in town, regarding the disposition of Snell—one mighty important."

The Sheriff's glittering eyes dwelt upon the girl and the reporter impartially. No comments being forthcoming, Bradford went on:

"Snell, chasin' southward in the night and people's absence, run into the hands of over the cliff right in sight of his cabin. He was badly hurt, but was able to drag himself into the house. Miss Denning was first to find him, and while she was gone to Pocatello for help, Mr. Pyle convened. Bradford centered his gaze upon McQuaid.

"Pyle says you're the feller havin' the message," continued the Sheriff, "but Snell was dead, and couldn't say anythin' about it. While Ticknor's interference, he slipped away. Ticknor couldn't find what he was after, and he said you said you wasn't the man to lose a paper as important as that message.

"Now, what was any one to suppose? Why, that one of you two found the paper and made off with it. That's what Ticknor thought, and he took a short cut and overhauled you on the trail to Denver. He searched you McQuaid, but couldn't find it that he was satisfied. He didn't think it necessary to search Miss Denning.

"Well, here's what I'm gettin' at. One of you has that message, and I'm after it, me, and Miss Denning is free to proceed to Pocatello.

"What about Mr. McQuaid?" inquired Mollie.

"He'll be free, too, but not for a week or so. His liberty Miss Denning will on a promise to report to me every day—until the mornin' after."

There was a mystery in this for either the girl or the reporter. The thread of the Sheriff's purpose running through every act of entanglement wherein Mac was showing itself distinctly.

Mac looked at the girl. Mollie dropped a restraining hand on his arm. A half smile curled about the girl's lips.

"I am at a disadvantage for Mr Ticknor to search me" said she, "for if he had done so he would not be where he is. That was seeking. Neither Mr McQuaid nor I had the message you are so anxious to get hold of."

"I think different," growled Bradford. "When I arrest a man I search him. It's the feller to be shaken off. Both of you will stand here, and I'll search him, and you'll conclude to give me what I want. I won't be sorry not you'll be well looked after and escape won't be possible."

"I think the Sheriff of Keston County will be glad to know that you have let yourself lows out such an unjust and arbitrary line of action," observed Mollie.

"It's me for that, not you," was the Sheriff's response.

Mac was thinking. In his mind's eye he saw Ticknor delivering to Meigs a message that would serve to set the cattlemen in Maverick Gap; he saw Bradford delaying the cattlemen's expedition until the rustlers should have time for their escape. Then he saw the confiding cattlemen led into the Gap and resigned to the tender mercies of their bitterest foes.

All this would be accomplished while Mac himself, who might have warned the cattlemen was helplessly detained in Bradford's power. It was time for him to look for the peril that would menace the reporter if he took another course.

Mac started to his feet. "Mr. McQuaid!" exclaimed Mollie. He paid no attention to her.

"I was the one, Bradford, who found the paper, the message that was of value to the rustlers," said Mac deliberately. "Knowing its importance, and fearing to have it about me, I hid it along the Pocatello trail."

An exultant look crossed Bradford's face. "Take me to the place, McQuaid," said he, "and Miss Denning can cut out of this as soon as she pleases. You can go, too—after a while."

"You must allow Miss Denning to go at once," said Mac.

"And then you hang fire, mebby back out!" exclaimed the Sheriff.

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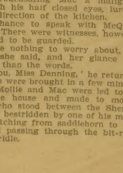

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"You'll have to take my word," said McFarland. "If you want that paper, those are my only terms."

"Do you know," said Bradford venomously, "that I could put a bullet through you if you fail to carry out your part of the contract?"

"Since I am in your hands," answered Mac, "I suppose you can do whatever you please with me."

Bradford stroked the bluish spot on his chin. "I reckon I wouldn't be at all backward," said he.

Glancing, the Sheriff went to the door.

"Hey, there, Carsin!" he called. "Bring up Mac Farnaby's horse." He turned to Mac sir. "I'm takin' that feller's word," he proceeded, "and if he don't live up to it he knows what to expect."

"Mr. McQuaid," answered Mollie, "has probably considered this step and knows what he is doing. If I am to take you in good faith, Mr. Bradford, you and every one of your men must remain here until I am well on the road to Pocatello."

"I'm takin' McQuaid's word an' you ought to take mine," said the Sheriff. "I'll give you half an hour. Will that be enough?"

"Yes."

Mollie, who had at first seemed fearful that Mac was about to compromise, had at the last dropped into the plan without a word or look of remonstrance.

When Chico was brought to the door, the girl sat down at the table the reporter not even glanced in his direction. Hurrying from the house she mounted lightly the horse's back and whisked away in the direction of the trail.

Was Mac disappointed? He hardly knew; certainly he was perplexed.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CACHE.

The half hour's grace granted to Mollie passed quickly, and the Sheriff and his men, with their remaining prisoner, mounted and started in the direction of Pocatello.

Bradford was the prey of vague doubts. His veiled questions, as they rode along, was ample proof of this.

"Remember that paper I dropped among the mornin' glories—the one I found in Snell's pocket?" he inquired.

"I remember the paper," said Mac.

"Was you able to make anythin' out of it? I couldn't, and neither could that sister of mine in the telegraph office. If you figured it out, you might give a boost to law and order by tellin' me about it."

"I don't believe I was able to get any more out of that cipher than you and your sister did," replied Mac cruelly.

Bradford looked worried.

"This letter dingbats which you found in Snell's possession, was that in cipher, too?" he asked.

Mac nodded.

"Was it as long as the first?"

"About nine times as long."

That settled one point in Bradford's mind, at least. McQuaid must have seen the second message or he would not have known its length.

After they had ridden at a leisurely pace for half an hour or more, Mac told Bradford to halt, as they were close to the cache.

"Where is it?" queried Bradford, as the party came to rest.

"We shall have to dismount," the reporter answered.

"The rest of you men stay here," ordered Bradford as he and McQuaid swung down from their saddles.

Together they walked to the boulder. Mac knelt down and the Sheriff stood expectantly over him.

The reporter drew out his match case, proving his ownership by showing the Sheriff his engraved monogram.

"What ain't that a vault," growled Bradford.

Again the reporter thrust his hand into the cache, and then his heart fluttered and stood still. His thoughts leaped to Hound Hawkins.

Had the News-Gazette man learned of the hiding place? Had he manipulated matters in such a way that he was able to leave Pocatello and pay a visit to that boulder?

This was the only thing that Mac could think of as he knelt on the ground with his hand under the stone. "Well, he'll say!" said Bradford impatiently.

The reporter withdrew his hand and stood up. "Some one has been ahead of us," said he, "and has looted the cache!"

Enraged words broke from Bradford's bearded lips. His hand plucked at his revolver and, in the intensity of his disappointment, there is no telling what he might have done had not a noise been raised by the men in the trail.

Mac and Bradford looked toward them. Carlin, lifting himself in his stirrups, was pointing northward.

"Cranford!" he shouted. "Here comes old Jabez himself."

"And Mollie Denning!" added another.

"And a passel o' the boys!" finished a third.

It was as they had said. Advancing upon them at a gallop was Mollie, stirrup to stirrup with a venerable looking man who was riding with lifted hand. Behind them were half a score of mercuries, hired at $5 a day to help eliminate the rustlers.

Bradford swore roundly and released the handle of his revolver.

"You're not done with me yet for this," he snarled in McQuaid's ear. "I've stood you up, McQuaid, and I'll block your game if it's the last thing I ever do."

"It's your game, Bradford, that is claiming my attention," said Mac, "mine is of secondary importance."

Jabez Cranford and Mollie drew their panting horses to a halt in front of the reporter and the Sheriff.

"This is what you are looking for," said the girl, presenting the Snell message for Bradford's inspection.

"That's it!" Bradford reached for the paper, but Mollie withdrew it quickly and handed it to Cranford.

"Mr. Cranford is the leader of the expedition," said Mollie, "and anything of importance should go to him."

She gazed at Mac with a smile.

"I rifled the cache," she said, "and rode on to the cattlemen's camp in order to bring some one in authority to stand between you and the Sheriff's unsympathetic."

Ah, Mollie, hollie! You have done many things to compel the reckless reporter to take a heart-interest in you, but never anything to equal this!

In a flash, Mac saw it all. There was material in the cache to prove his connection with the Commonwealth—and Mollie had taken possession of it.

And the cipher and its long-hand translation—Mollie had divined their value to the cattlemen, and had safely conveyed the cipher message into the hands of one whose forefathers had won the translation back, awaiting a sign from McQuaid.

"Mollie," said Mac, and his voice trembled slightly, "you're a little brick. What you have done for me today, and for nearly every one else in this county, is something that passes the capabilities of human gratitude."

Bradford feeling that something was coming which would rob him of his power of bluff and dissimulation, backed against the boulder like an animal at bay. Then he waited.

"You are the stranger who was boarding at Mrs. Denning's," said Jabez Cranford, holding the paper Mollie had just given him and scowling at Mac.

"Yes," answered the reporter.

"You gave it out, I think," continued Cranford, dryly, "that you had come to Pocatello for your health."

"I did," said Mac. "I am willing to admit that I handled the truth a little carelessly."

"Why?" thundered Cranford. "What was your business in Pocatello?"

"My business?" echoed Mac. "Well, Mr. Cranford, it was my business, and not the Sheriff's, nor yours, nor any one's else."

"You're a hard row to hoe, stranger, my man, and you'll gain nothing by meeting me in a spirit of that sort. What is the I've got here?" He shook the paper he was holding.

The Sheriff wrote that and sent it to Meigs by Snell——"

"Stop!" said Mac with a sternness which would have been irresistible to any one interjected the Sheriff. "I thought Snell was a decoy!" A moment's hurry-scurry whizzes in town—nebby from the very man that helped him break jail and furnished him with a horse——"

"That's the exact truth," cut in Mac. "Chester Bradford is describing his own actions, and doing it well."

"Are you aware," said Cranford, "that Chester Bradford is the Sheriff of Kenton County?"

"I was made aware of that fact very soon after I reached Pocatello. He has forgotten his duty to the county and is actively engaged in assisting the rustlers. If he were searched, I am sure we could find something of an incriminating nature would be found upon him."

McQuaid's appearance, no less than his earnestness, impressed Cranford. Bradford, on the other hand, was regarding with rat-like vigilance, was not slow to perceive this.

"Look here, Cranford," said he, stepping forward, "are you goin' to take the word of this stranger ag'inst mine? As an officer of the law, I ain't assistin' you any more than I am the rustlers. I'm here to do my best to prevent a disturbance and bloodshed.

"You haven't any right to interfere with me in the discharge of my duties any more than the rustlers have. That's flat. But I'm willin' to be searched, if for nothin' more than to show up this tenderfoot for what he is."

Cranford appeared undecided in the matter of a search. It was only when Mollie leaned toward him from her saddle and whispered something that he made up his mind.

"All right," said Cranford, with a wave of the hand, "go through his pockets, some of you fellows."

The Sheriff submitted sullenly, and even helped. Nothing of a suspicious character was found, apart from a memorandum book. This latter article was handed to Cranford, who opened it and glanced through several of the leaves.

"Look in his hat," suggested Mac, recalling how Snell had made use of his hat-crown. There was nothing there. "Look in his boots," persisted Mac, and at that moment a square of cardboard flattened out of the book Cranford was examining. "No," said Mac, "I guess you needn't mind the boots. Here is evidence enough."

As Mac stooped to pick up the bit of cardboard, Bradford leaped at him and hurled him aside. The Sheriff himself would then have secured the paper square but for Mollie.

With inconceivable quickness she slipped forward along Chico's neck, gathered the object off the ground and straightened in her saddle again.

"Stand back, Bradford!" commanded the old cattleman sternly, and the two who had searched the Sheriff caught and held him.

Struggling and breathless, Bradford stood McQuaid and hissed:

"I'll kill you for this! You've got the upper hand now—but wait."

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"I'll kill you for this!"

Too Funny.

"Mister," said the bruised and battered man, as he entered the newspaper office, "I want you to stop my paper, I can't stand the comic page."

"Why?" replied the clerk, in surprise, "our comic page is conceded to be the funniest out."

"That's just it, young man; it is too funny. Why, last night while I was reading some of the jokes in the kitchen, I started to laugh, and, by gum, I laughed so loud I tilted my chair too far back, upset six jars of gooseberry preserves, knocked down the stove and killed the cat. Then the old woman came near killing me; so I reckon you better stop the paper."

Walking Through Fire.

How Hindoo devotees in Singapore walk over glowing coals is described by a writer in the Straits Budget of that city. He says: "Several wood fires had been lighted on the north side of the temple, and by 4 o'clock these had been reduced to glowing embers. The priests agreed these day in the same manner as an athletic ground is prepared with sand for a long jump. Digging this a shallow pond was made, and this was filled with water from Java. The gods were then carried out and were placed near the small pond, facing the red-hot embers. An unfortunate young Arabi goat, was smeared with saffron and was held by two men on the ground just at the edge of the embers. Then the priests, where were five and the heat could be felt half a dozen yards away. Two men seized the miserable goat, one by the head and the other by the hind legs. A third man dealt with a huge, heavy chopper, shaped like a scythe. All the devotees approached nearer he raised his terrible axe above the head and brought it down with a sickening swish on the neck of the poor goat, severing the head from the body instantly. One man then snatched up the struggling and bleeding body and threw it in front of the gods. The other Hindoo followed with the head. It was a gruesome sight and was greeted with yells and shouts.

"By this time the devotees had worked themselves up to a great state of frenzy. Many had their hair loose and hanging wildly. A strange pallor had come over their faces, and they were with staring eyes. They raved like madmen and screamed to get forward to the fire. Then the priests released them, and like savages, they danced through the glowing embers with bare feet, then through the pond of water and finally danced about in the ashes. Here two priests emerged them with ropes. Several collapsed on reaching their goal. None of them showed signs of suffering. Some of them walked slowly through the embers and one actually fell in them in his delirium and was saved by the priests and thrown back into the fire.

"Lastly the women walked through. They did not appear to be in such a state of frenzy as the men. One woman, with a child, man carried an infant in her arms. When the last woman had walked through the priests threw the muddy water from the pond onto the still glowing embers. The devotees rushed in, raising the embers in their hands, threw them in the air and the ghastly ceremony was at an end."

Why People Are Poor.

Some people are poor because their ideas and desires are larger than their purses.

Many linger forever in poverty because they are naturally lazy, and not under the belief that the world owes them a living.

They do not keep an account of their expenditures.

They do not keep an account of their expenditures.

They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

They reverse the maxim, "Duty before pleasure."

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save the pennies.

They have risked a competence in trying to get rich quickly.

They allow friends to impose upon their good nature and generosity.

They practice many an economical but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not do today what they can possibly put off until tomorrow.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They have endorsed their friends' notes or guaranteed payment just for accommodation.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They do not dream that impingages on their homes can ever turn them out of doors.

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are too lazy or unable to watch or control it.

They think it will be time enough to begin to save for a rainy day when the rainy day comes.

The bane of the house is a good man, but he has not learned to do business in a businesslike way.

The only thing the daughters accomplish is to develop a fondness for clothes and expensive jewelry.

They do not realize that one expensive luxury often leads on to a whole family of extravagant habits.

They have not learned that giving a full power of attorney to an agent or lawyer puts their property at his mercy.

In a thousand-dollar income, they try to compete in appearance with a five-thousand-dollar income.

Taken by Storm.

He stole a kiss! So quick 'twas done
She did not know what he was at.
He never stole another one!
She gave them to him after that.

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Shake the political plum tree and you'll dislodge a lot of grafters.

Taft and Bacon have gone to help Cuba. Chile wants flour and bacon.

There is no earthly hope for the man who glories in his reputation as a liar.

An arrogant is a rising man, but he needs somebody to give him the proper steer.

The less experience a man has the easier it is for him to fall in love—and the harder he falls.

The Standard Oil Company is going to increase its capital $600,000,000, giving the new stock to old shareholders as a bonus.

Another bad railway smash-up has occurred in England. But over there people can walk if they happen to be afraid.

Stensland may have had some redeeming traits, but they did not run to redeeming loans notes that he stuffed into the bank.

Senator Daniel's utterances concerning the "politicians of the country" must have caused Grover Cleveland to sit up and take notice.

General Fred D. Grant says 90 per cent of the trouble in the army could be laid to drink. Apparently the army is just like the rest of the world.

Perhaps the Cubans simply wished to furnish an argument for those Congressmen who are in favor of increasing and strengthening our navy.

We have a dim and hazy suspicion that Rudyard Kipling is hammering out a poem in which he will give particular fits to the Yankee upstarts who are meddling with England's proud language.

The Czar is being criticised for his failure to attend the funeral of General Trepoff. This is wrong. The Czar would have nothing to do anything else if he attended the funerals of all of his Generals.

A Georgia sheriff has prevented a lynching by carrying the proposed victim away in an automobile so swiftly that the mob couldn't keep up. The mob may try how-ever, to obtain revenge by having the sheriff prosecuted for exceeding the speed limits.

That German count who was disowned because he wedded a shop girl whom he loved, instead of a princess whom he didn't love, has been duly rewarded for his fidelity. For he is now a chauffeur in this country, which is clearly a superior job to being a count in the old world.

Three girls tore up their skirts to bandage the wounds of men who were hurt in a recent Brooklyn trolley accident. It was brave of them to do so, but we hold that the lady who uses her red petticoat to flag a train just as it is about to plunge to destruction continues to be the greatest heroine of them all. By the way, she seems to have missed several fine opportunities lately.

A ROMANCE OF THE MILLS,

OR,

THE HONOR OF LABOR.

By EDNA I. TYLER.

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CHAPTER XIII.

TWO CONFESSIONS.

It was visiting day at the City Hospital, and along Chestnut street a long line of pedestrians wended their way, scores entering in at the great iron gateway beyond Floyd street that led to the buildings of the hospital grounds, and hurrying up the graveled path to the wide entrance.

The great surgical ward was more than usually filled with patients, for there had been a railroad accident upon the L. & N. Railroad which had kept the hospital staff and the resident physicians busy for hours; but their work was done, and the ward had been named its ordinary, quiet appearance.

Slowly the benches in the waiting room in the basement of the administration building patients had been vacated, and the officer of the day crossed the hall from his consultation room and peeped through the open door, near which a lady was sitting.

"Your pardon, Miss," he politely inquired. "I did not come as a patient," returned the lady, a blush suffusing her cheeks, "but I am looking for a friend. I understand that this is visiting day."

The young physician's eyes lighted with pleasure, as he looked down into the lovely face, the sweetest he had ever seen, he thought.

"Oh, yes—in which ward?" he asked.

"I don't know—it is a Mr. Parkhurst—a man who was badly injured while crossing the railroad bridge," answered Imelda Kinge.

"Ah! No. 29, I think. I'll take you to the surgical ward."

"Is his injury very bad? Will he recover?" she asked, as she followed the physician down the hall that was lighted, even at noonday, by a line of burners, and at the extreme end of which a door hall above.

"Is he a relative of yours?" returned the doctor, parrying the interrogation.

"Oh, no," answered Imelda.

"A friend, perhaps?"

"Merely an acquaintance. We were employed in the same mill," she said, "and I am no one to look after him, and I learned that not one of the hands have called on him; I thought it my duty to come and inquire."

"Ah, I see! Excuse me for my inquisitiveness, but I saw a wish to spare him the true condition, fearing it might frighten you were you his sister or sweetheart," he said that the physician rather awkwardly. "The truth is, there's not one chance in a million for him. Gangrene has set in, and there has been a second amputation; but the shock is too great, and he is suffering intense pain and—that is all. Just a moment, while I find whether he can receive a visitor."

Imelda waited in the hall, a stool in the ante-room and the doctor opened the door which swung back without noise.

"Good morning, how are you?" questioned the doctor. As he bent over the couch of the wounded man he saw lying a pallid shadow of the strong man who at Gimocchio's saloon had last disgraced the name he assumed while the tortured brain were in the death struggle.

"I am suffering dreadfully, doctor; the pain is like a burning iron in my spine, and I can find no position in my crushed feet, just the same as if they were not cut off—it's awful!" he groaned in agony.

"A frequent occurrence with those who have lost a limb—the nerves remain the same, and will pass after a time,—you don't feel able to see company, then?"

"Oh, I do, I do! I know I'm going to die, doctor, and I've committed an awful sin—I must confess! There is a man who is lying in jail for the crime, and I was going to beg somebody to go to his defense, or have somebody to take my confession. Who is the visitor?"

"A young lady," she says she is one of the employees at Henderson & Brown's."

"Young—handsome—with the prettiest eyes you ever saw?" asked the sick man.

"All that; young, handsome, and the most expressive eyes I ever saw."

"It's Imelda King! She's the only one who would come to look after the devil like me. It's just like her—yes, bring her now, I will tell her myself."

Surprise had the door closed on the doctor when Imelda heard a step in the hall, and, looking around, beheld Lorion Hadley.

"You here, Miss King?" he exclaimed, "I had no idea I should have the pleasure of meeting you."

"I came to see Mr. Parkhurst. I find that not one of the help has visited him, and no one appears to care whether he is dead or living. I have brought him some flowers. He must be very lonely and grieved, I thought it was my duty to come."

"Precisely my case. I think the employees of the mill are unworthy to take any interest in his fate; and, as you say, I came to comfort him. The nurse tells me that there's no hope for him; it is only a matter of hours."

"Come!"

The door had opened and the physician stood upon the threshold.

Lorion and Imelda followed him down the alley between the long lines of cots where he placed seats for the visitors, and withdrew.

"My God! are you here?" whispered Parkhurst. "If God hears the prayer of such a wretch as me, He has sent you!" I thought you were in jail. I'm going to die; did the doctor tell you? I am; and I must make a confession. Bring the nurse. I want a witness to what I am going to tell."

"What do you want?" questioned the nurse, who had caught the patient's words. "You must not excite yourself, or I won't answer for the consequences."

"What odds? I've got to die, and I want to tell who set fire to Henderson's pickery house. It was I, but it was laid to Hadley, here. I sent a boy to his boarding house to call him out, and the fire was set, and he was found there. It was a put-up job, and I got fifty dollars for it. After I knocked down the watchman, it was easy work to set the fire and get out of the way. I have been terribly afraid of the legal end, I think it has made me worse, because I thought you were in jail all this time—"

"As I should have been if Martha Peters had not overheard your plot with the boy. I know you now. Her foot was paining her and she was sitting by the window when she heard your whistle, and saw him shuffled out of the alley and met you. Her statement set me free."

"My own doin's all 'round," groaned Parkhurst, "if I hadn't hit pulled her down and forced her to swear to a lie, I guess I wouldn't ha' been at the window. Why don't you get out, Hadley?"

"They know your condition, and it would be the height of cruelty to disturb you. I have to get out in a moment, while you are unable to be moved," replied Lorion, correcting his statement.

"To arrest a dying man, you mean,—no need to go through the formality, when I can't be here. Ah, well, I never done much good in this world, but this last was the worst. I'll be over damned."

"Why did you try to fasten the guilt on my shoulders, Parkhurst, when you knew I was an injury?"

"I was set on. If I hadn't been I'd never ha' done it. I was George Barton that put me up to the job, and planned how I was to fasten it on you."

"George Barton? for God's sake, what can he have against me? Surely a man like him is not believe him capable of any special friendship, but I did not imagine he could be such a villain and coward."

"I can tell you that easy enough. He is fond of Imelda King, and he is jealous of you—there's a heap of mischief comes from jealousy, and that's the whole story. He hates you, and he set fire and got in jail she wouldn't have any use for you. I'm sorry I did it, but I'm glad to have the confessed, both of you. You won't refuse? I can't go to heaven—"

"Well, I'm sorry for you, Parkhurst, and I hope you'll come out all right—are you suffering much, doctor?"

"Not now, that is all past, and I am easy enough, but I've been through the mill. I've seen three poor fellows carried out since I came here; they'll put me in the turquoise, I guess, and when they did down—see, they are coming to turn you out—time's up, doctor," and Parkhurst's voice grew much—watch out for—Barton—Good-bye."

The doctor and nurse took a hasty look, fell back heavily from their parting clasp, and with a whispered farewell followed in the line of visitors that filled the great hall, past the reception room and down the steps to the street by the entrance.

Not a word was spoken between the twain until the last person had passed them, and they stepped out upon the sidewalk beneath the long line of horse chestnut trees bordering the street from which the last russet leaves were drifting down in the convulsive throes of the second autumnal winter.

"I can see now, the drift of many things I could not understand," remarked Lorion, at length. "I wish to ask you a question, and trust you will not take me for impertinent."

"I promise," returned Imelda, her cheeks glowing, for the tender tone betrayed the love that Lorion Hadley had never spoken. "I will answer you frankly. Have you love in you in actions or words?"

"I am afraid that he has," returned Imelda, her cheeks flushing hotly, "he was very angry at my refusal."

"Then Parkhurst has given the true reason. Love, whether noble or ignoble, is heart-stirring, and at times almost fierce. Cupid is blind. Barton has seen that I love you, Imelda, and that you love me, and in a moment I looked in your lovely face and met the truth in your deep eyes. I was unable to frighten you with too abrupt a declaration, but each hour has added to that love. Imelda, do I love in vain?"

Her soft eyes were raised shyly, but in that swift glance Lorion read the answer—he was beloved.

"You love me, my darling," he said, softly, and there was a thrill in his voice, "you love me and will be my wife?"

"I love you, Lorion, but I must ask Mercy's consent. You know she has stood in the place of the mother who has gone to Heaven. I fear she may object—not to you, but because she will be distressed at the thought of losing me—I am all she has in the wide world."

"And she shall not lose you, my darling! Become my wife and she shall share our home always. Never, while I live, shall she feel neglect or want. Instead of losing the little sister, she shall know that she has found a brother who will protect and cherish her. Have no fears, but promise me that you will become my wife."

"I will try to gain her consent," smiled Imelda, "and when she knows that we are not to be separated, she will not deny me."

There was no betrothal kiss, for a throng of pedestrians were passing and repassing, but Lorion drew the little hand within his arm, clasping the slender fingers in a soft, pressure that told how dear was the possession.

At the door of the tenement house she called home, Lorion left his betrothed, his heart bounding with joy that he had won the prize he coveted more than all else on earth.

Afterwards, her face hot with blushes, her heart throbbing in sweet unison with the happy thought that she was to be loved by one of her like, Imelda confessed to Mercy her engagement, and pleaded for its sanction by her aunt.

The jealousy which the elder sister felt was smothered at the thought of losing her had its birth, and with a sigh she gave Imelda her blessing and consent.

"I only hope," she concluded, "that your young heart will ever be as happy in the possession of love as it is in the anticipation."

Long after Mercy's head rested upon the pillow Imelda lingered in the past when she, too, loved and believed she was beloved.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ATTEMPTED "MOMMOCK."

Having done as much damage as they could at Henderson & Brown's mill, the half-besotted crowd of men rushed onward in their drunken career, smashing windows, breaking down clothes-rack, and making the night hideous with their yells.

Such a sight was visible anywhere, save the torches they carried, and the tone of the proceedings would have warranted, took to his heels, believing "discretion the better part of valor," and so he did, for he was not the following morning. "Not many who runs away, he leaves and lives to take a new humiliation," as the saying goes. Four hundred were almost too much for him and he probably did not feel himself responsible to notify headquarters, but the telephone had informed the strikers and caused to operate one of a recent thunder-storm.

"Vot der turfell!" he exclaimed. "Dot telephones me dot I vas to come, and dot vos't vork. Ach, vell! does ploomin' willyums ist all, unterfeet purty soon, and dey vas not vot der hell!" Led 'un out! I don't vas hed no uses for dem!" and with a sagacious shake of his head and a knowing look, he sauntered about his business.

Along Fulton street, pell-mell, rushed the angry men, waving their flags, their drunkenness in their brains became more befuddled. Although the man ahead who appeared to be leading them, had managed to keep them in the path he directed, one after another of his followers fell behind.

"Give the devil with labor! Let's have another drink!"

"I'll have all the booze you want, when this demonstration is over," encouraged the leader, whose name was Jerry Sullivan.

"Demonstration be damned! We want some rum!" shouted a disappointed individual.

"What do you s'pose we care about your dorgoned labor business? If we belonged to a labor union, I'd like to know what earthly good that would do us, except to pay dues? but doggone yer, yer onery cuss, yer promised us whiskey when we started, and if we'd play Labor-Union men! An' damn yer, ye hain't kept yer word. If you've got a-liquor, let's have it, or I'm a yellin' all night without wettin' our whistles with corn juice I guess we'll go to Jackson—Hey, boys?"

"Dats de stuff!" vociferated a voice, "We wants de booze or no yellin'!"

"But it's all gone!" said the leader in a tone of disappointment, "I've drunk it all!"

"Didn't you jest say we'd hev it when this demonstration was over?" demanded a redfaced man, advancing threateningly. "Ain't before we go further, I know it's 'bout time we seen who you are. Pull off that mask, I'm suspicious!"

"That wasn't in the bargain," remonstrated the leader, stepping back. "At the end of the day there's a barrel of rye whisky awaiting for you, but the supply we brought with us is about out."

"I've took a fancy I want ter see you without the mask," persisted the redfaced man. "We hain't used no masks and I don't allow there's any occasion for you to."

With a threatening air forward, he snatched the mask from the face of the other, just as the police appeared upon the scene and the electric lights were once more turned on, revealing the face of Jerry Sullivan. At that moment Imelda, Mollie Carter and her brother Will, emerged from the door of the mission.

"George Barton!" exclaimed our three friends in a breath.

Along Adams street a man was passing with long strides, and turning into a side street leading to the mission a babel of sound greeted his ears, the cries of the mob, the shouts of the exhorters within, mingling

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discordantly, for the enthusiasm of the Revivalists was at its height, and the turmoil within the building served to rouse the brawlers without to a pitch of fury.

There was a sudden howl followed by the cry of a woman.

"My God!" exclaimed Lorion Hadley, as he bounded forward. "That was a woman's voice, and that's Will Carter! I feared it was a dangerous place, and they're in trouble."

If so chanced that Lorion had called at Will's home, and Mrs. Carter informed him that her son and daughter, with Imelda, had gone to the Mission. Lorion's arrival being of importance, he followed the trio. With an unlimited imagining for which he could not account he had hurried to the Point.

The instant Barton's face was exposed, the brawlers sprang toward him like a pack of wolves, their fighting blood at the boiling point. They conceived that there was no more whisky and that the words were but a ruse to decoy them to a further demonstration.

As Lorion approached the spot the cries grew distinct.

"Kill the cuss!"

"He belongs to the Union!"

"Cut his throat!"

"Stommock him!"

"They'll murder him! Help! Help!"

The last cry was unmistakably a woman's voice.

"Hold, men! What would you do? Would you kill a man to cold blood?" Lorion demanded. Will Carter's voice.

Lorion recognized Will Carter's voice.

The two girls had retreated within the doorway with the wood in front of the floors.

"Hold! Hold! If Barton has done anything worthy of punishment, have him arrested! Shame! Shame! Would you to one! Where's your manhood?" cried Will.

"He lied to us!" shrieked a man. "We'll take vengeance on him! We'll have his life! This ain't nothing for the law to handle! We'll give him a touch of Judge Lynch's justice!"

"String him up to a telegraph pole!"

"Set fire to him!"

"Give him a hundred lashes!"

"He belongs to the Union!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" called a strong voice, and the voice was Lorion sprang across the street and confronted the crowd. "I'll brain the first man who lays a hand on him. Answer me if ye dare!"

He had snatched a stout club of cordwood from a pile beside the fuel-yard entrance and pushed forward brandishing it threateningly.

Here the enraged mob surged about him, hemming him in, and a terrific blow from a brawny fist crushed in the knuckles felled him to the ground, senseless and bleeding.

Both Imelda and Mollie had seen the onslaught Lorion as he sank from sight amid the crowd, and Mollie shrieked aloud.

"It is Mr. Hadley, and they've killed him!"

"If I only had a revolver!" exclaimed Imelda. "Oh, why shall not murder them all!"

A trembling voice beside her whimpered:

"I've got a seven-shooter pistil, missus, but I dersent shoot it! Kin ye use it? I'se afeerd I'm de lar. I was plached accident 'ise done foered ob de ossifers!"

"Give it to me, quick!" commanded Imelda, and like a flash she passed through the door.

"Get out of the way or I'll blow your brains out!" she screamed. "I never shot a pistol in my life, but this is a seven-shooter here, and I will fire right and left if you don't scatter. It don't matter who I hit—friend or foe! Now, scatter,—one—two—"

The mob needed no further bidding. The little heroine meant every word she said, and each of them feared being hit.

A moment later a squad of officers here in sight, and in refuse to the fleeing rascals, finally succeeded in rounding up one or two, though the rest escaped in the darkness on the north side of Mission Point,—among the latter, George Burton.

"Oh, he's dead!" cried Imelda, as she sank by Lorion's side. "My darling is dead! dead! and they have murdered him!"

Now the fire department came over, the negroes swarmed from the mission, and tender, strong hands lifted the unconscious man and bore him inside, placing him on one of the benches.

"Don't crowd, there! give the man air!" and Doctor Brown, a colored brother, pushed the clamorous sightseers to one side. "Let me see what can be done for him. Ah! a bad cut over on the head, but a stab in the side. He'll die if—"

"Oh, no, no!" screamed Imelda, hysterically. "I can't let him die!"

"He'll die unless he gets proper attendance at once!" continued the doctor. "Here, Brother John, you run and see that the ambulance is up here as soon as possible. And Hephzibah, tear off a piece of that skirt for a bandage, or he'll bleed to death."

Hearing the alarm, the ambulance rattled over the streets, turning in at the Hospital gates and pulling sharply up at the door.

"Lively there, boys, and carefully!" exclaimed the doctor, as the stretcher was drawn from the conveyance.

Lorion was the first case of the patient as he lay upon the examination table. Across the forehead there still trickled a thin stream of blood from the wound, the hastily improvised bandage put on by Doctor Brown. The blow on the head had fractured the scalp wound, that a few stitches and new bandage soon closed up. The stab in the side proved a more serious injury, and upon probing, the end of a knife-blade was reported. Then, the wound was antiseptically treated, the edges drawn together, held in place by strips of adhesive plaster, and the whole properly swathed.

An hour later, Lorion was resting as comfortably as could be expected, but it was three weeks before he was discharged from the hospital, and he carried with him the best wishes of doctors and nurses, for he had proved a model patient. The days of his illness had been cheered by frequent visits of Imelda, whose sweet face brightened so prettily when the doctors pronounced him out of danger.

CHAPTER XV.
A NEW VENTURE.

No settlement had been reached. The two mills were still in the balance, and neither side showed the slightest signs of weakening. Several conferences had been held between the manufacturers and officers of the Union, but with no results. The winter was coming on, and lack of fuel was imminent. The poorer ones, including Mrs. Wesley, had been assisted by the male members of the Union, and thus far none had been driven away; but now, hard times were beginning to make themselves felt severely, and calls upon the Union for financial assistance were frequent. Many of the men had left the city, and obtained work elsewhere, among them George Barton, who, departed the day after the so-called "Demonstration," the officers searching for him for several weeks, when they dropped the matter.

Lorion soon obtained a temporary situation in Memphis, but at wages that prevented him being of much assistance to his friends.

For three weeks, each day brought a tender missive to Imelda, exclusively all communications ceased. She wrote two letters, but no reply came, and in silence and suspense she watched every sign from her lover; in vain. The weeks drifted into months, and when the winter came, Imelda's heartsick, worn and their courage gone, the workmen and their friend around the wagon that won the battle for the mill owners, and with a scarcely-concealed triumph, Messrs. Stevenson and Wesley Brown & Marvin concern opened their gates, and the work of rebuilding was followed schedule.

All of the old help who had remained in the city returned to their places, to begin again the grind of working for the mite required to keep starvation from the door, and save Imelda, Lorion and George Barton.

But the latter was missing. Lorion made up her mind to go back to her old place, and time after time she put on her outer garments and left the house, only to turn coming back without having even entered the mill. Sometimes when she thought Lorion remained, she could not bring herself to return to the scene of her former joys and sad eyes could not bear the sight of the old scenes and memories, and she determined to go to her lover in his hour of need.

One evening when twilight had obscured from sight the dark, rough rock face of the hassock, and sitting by her sewer's side, told a weary heart to Mercy, how she had given up her devoting career, pulling of gates, comfort from the touch of a loving sister's caress.

"Imelda, dearest," said Mercy, "how can you say you have given up your work? I carefully deserted you make you so miserable? I have no often told you that there is no man living who is worthy the love of a loving woman's eyes; or one thought from a woman's heart, except that of Lorion, Imelda. I, too, have had my story,— a sad, sad story, and I have never heard. Dry your eyes, sister, and listen while I tell you the heart history which made me an old maid. You know that for a time I was away from home, at school, before papa died. Then came the troubles and I was compelled to return home. But there had been a little affair connected with that happy year. I became acquainted with the hero of my dreams. There was a carefree, happy time together, and I left him an away and my churn jumped; I realized, and I hungered for his presence. I jump; the carriage overturned throwing me into a pond. I was rescued by a young man, whose name I learned was Edward Markham. Girl-like, I rewarded my handsome preserver with a love letter with the professed to return my love. We became engaged, and I hungered for his presence. I dreamed that he would ever be the same devoted lover that he was then. Alas! it was but a dream of the future.

"I came home, shy and confused with the sweetest secret in the world, and received papa's loving cur my little secret. He sanctioned our engagement, and we were to be married in June. Imelda, I was the smiling days and beauteous flowers, and dreamed.

"But the day before the wedding, I received a package which brought me back with a cold, sick heart. In it I found a wafted away from by the music of my love dreams. And you know that for a time my little token I had given my handsome lover, the ring, and a cruel note. Here it is, Imelda,—read it."

Drawing from her bosom a time-stained piece of letter-paper, Mercy gave it to Imelda, noting with sorrow the lines of care and suffering which had been traced upon her face since the last letter received from Lorion.

"Mercy," so the note ran on, "I trust you will not grieve over the loss of your heart. Its cold, selfish owner is not worth a heart is fickle, at best, and a fairer face has won my love. I am now going to her, and you can, without your grief, and forgive.

JAMES MARKHAM."

"What a heartless letter!" exclaimed Imelda. "And a man who could pen such a letter as that could not have loved you, or could win your love?"

"Yes, dear," said Mercy, sadly. "I have suffered the blow, and while life has never been bright with the same gladness as before, I have reconciled me, and I can now look back with a sense of gratitude, feeling that it was all for the best. The sadness, the loss by the blow I deemed more cruel and bitter than death. Perhaps you will some day feel the same, Imelda."

"Not so, Mercy," said Imelda, firmly. "Whatever it is that holds Lorion from my side, my heart tells me that he is not false. Why, sister dear, Lorion Hadley is the soul of honor and God, though I am, something tells me that he is faithful, and some day will return to comfort me,—loving and tender and true!"

"God grant that it may be so," replied Mercy, with a dubious shake of the head; "but, in the meantime, what are we to do? You say you cannot stay here,—where can we go?"

"I've been thinking of that," replied Imelda, "for the past week, and have been trying to devise some scheme to get away from here for awhile. I answered two advertisements for experienced weavers,—one in Nashville; the other from Utica, N. Y. This morning I received word from the Nashville mill. Here is the letter offering to pay my expenses there, if I accept. I am afraid I'd try it, and if it is a paying situation, I can send for you; if not, I can return home.

"I can't bear to have you leave me, child," exclaimed Mercy, drawing closer to the young sister who was the sole incentive for her living. "What would I do were anything to happen to you?"

"What could happen?" asked Imelda. "And the offer is certainly a good one. Listen!; and she unfolded the letter. This is what it says: 'Miss Imelda King: I have a good position here for an experienced woman weaver. It is a new kind of cloth, of my own getting, and will pay well for the right kind of weaver who is expert and conscientious. Answer by next week or mail, and I will offer that amount. (Signed) J. P. Ingraham.'—I don't know as a weaving job where I can get $15 per week, Mercy."

"That's true, child,—that is a good deal of money to get in one week," returned the elder sister, thoughtfully. "You might try it, and if it suits you I could come along to you say."

"There's no use talking,—I've got to hustle around and do something. My bank account is reduced from $75.00 to $18.50, and that's getting down very low. I couldn't be separated more than two weeks, at most, and maybe not one week."

The matter was discussed, and when at last, they retired they had decided that Imelda should go to Nashville, and a letter was dispatched the next morning, conveying her answer to the offer.

Anxiously the days passed and it was Saturday afternoon before the return message came. Imelda's fare and—what puzzled her greatly—a week's pay added to the amount.

"That's the queerest thing I ever heard of," said Mercy, as she read the message. "It is more than welcome; but it is so unusual to send a week's pay before it is earned."

"Maybe they want to make the remotest idea of how competent I am to do the work required. Mr. Ingraham writes in his letter that I will have to leave here Sunday afternoon on the Chicago express, arriving in Nashville at 8:40 p. m. Then, take the hotel 'bus which says 'Arlington' on it, and be still early the next morning. Please give name to escort me to the mill, which is about five minutes' walk from the hotel. After that, I can find a boarding-place which will be cheap and comfortable. He will advance for him."

Everything was bustle and hurry, with the preparations for the going-away, and before dark, Imelda had made several trips to various stores, laying in a supply of provisions for her sister's use.

At Weisenberger's grocery she made several purchases, and she was just about to leave the store, when a childish voice with a peculiar accent attracted her attention, and she suddenly found herself standing at the back room. There a slight met her gaze which sent the blood to her face in a flash, while Imelda listened with bated breathless. At length she regained her voice, and said:

"Mrs. Weisenberger, what do you mean by such horrible lies? Isn't it a shame to tell you and men into their graves, driving bloated drunkards, but that you should be giving the money for which you sell them to tots like Callie and Johnnie Wesley? God forgive you, woman, if you don't know what you are doing to them? Or are you trying to send their souls to perdition? Johnnie,—Callie!—come here to me!"

The children, frightened and half intoxicated, shrunk from her, her bosom heaving pealingly to Mrs. Weisenberger for justification, their little pinched faces flushed with fear eyes dazed with the effects of the liquors they had drained from the several glasses which stood on the counter.

"Do you like rum—Miss 'Melda? Rum makes my mother sick," whimpered Callie.

"I don't like rum, but I likes beer,—it's good!"

Imelda tried with half-drunken gravity to stand erect and face his teacher with a good show of anger she gave him changed the tenor of his action, and he staggered toward her, digging his fists into his eyes, and crying:

"It never hurt us before, Miss 'Melda, an' she's done it, an' we won't never do it again! But it makes you feel jes' like a fightin' mad! I'll lick her, I will, I will! Ain't the devil outen that Pete Connors—he's no kind of a teller,—he can't drink whisky 'till he's a man!"

The mixed drinks were beginning to upset Johnnie's little stomach, and again and again he helched stranching and crying, while the purple color of a man's heart is fickle, at best, and a fairer face won his love. You know that for a time you can, without your grief, and forgive.

JAMES MARKHAM."

"What a heartless letter!" exclaimed Imelda. "And a man who could pen such a letter as that could not have loved you, or could win your love?"

"Yes, dear," said Mercy, sadly. "I have suffered the blow, and while life has never been bright with the same gladness as before, I have reconciled me, and I can now look back with a sense of gratitude, feeling that it was all for the best. The sadness, the loss by the blow I deemed more cruel and bitter than death. Perhaps you will some day feel the same, Imelda."

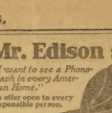
"Not so, Mercy," said Imelda, firmly. "Whatever it is that holds Lorion from my side, my heart tells me that he is not false. Why, sister dear, Lorion Hadley is the soul of honor and God, though I am, something tells me that he is faithful, and some day will return to comfort me,—loving and tender and true!"

"God grant that it may be so," replied Mercy, with a dubious shake of the head; "but, in the meantime, what are we to do? You say you cannot stay here,—where can we go?"

(Continued on page fifteen.)

Mr. Edison says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."



An offer open to every responsible person.

No Money Down!

Free Trial

The Edison, the genuine Edison!—positively on free trial in your own home! No C. O. D.—no contracts required. Unacceptable or unsatisfactory machines returned at our expense. Edison Phonographs at prices as low as $9 Cents a Week (larger installments for latest and highest grades) without interest on payments.

50c a Week Edison Outfit

GIVEN AWAY To the first person in each locality who writes us for our catalogue and full explanation of this wonderful Edison Phonograph offer at Once.

FREDERICK BABSON,
Edison Phonograph Distributer,
169 Michigan Ave., Suite 4236 Chicago.

PATENTS Send for Inventor's Primer. Book, Free. Highest References. Best Results. Promptness Assured. Careful, Personal Service. 31 Years' Experience. Charges Moderate. Patents Secured or Fee Returned. Letters Strictly Confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

SONG-POEMS and music published on ROYALTY. We write Music, Revise, Copyright, Publish and Sell on Commission. Send us your Song-Poems. Washington Publishing Co., 420 Washington Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

ASTHMA CURE FREE

A Prescription for Asthma, Hay Fever and Bronchitis. Write for a free trial package. If you like it send us $1 and pay the express agent $1. Sold by druggists for $2. Send no money, only a postal. Address, DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 182 Pine St., Rochester, N. Y.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING

An Excellent Stemwind Watch with beautiful Gold Finish Case, Guaranteed Accurate Time Keeper, and Handsome Ring, both sent free for selling only 20 packages of Bluine at 10c. each. Write us and we will send Bluine postpaid. When sold send us $2.00 and we will send Watch and Ring by return mail. Address, BLUINE CO., DEPT. 5 CHICAGO.

MUSIC FREE LESSONS

PIANO GUITAR VIOLIN BANJO MANDOLIN

Complete Course in Any Instrument Taught by Mail

WE WILL SEND YOU FREE LESSON PAPER and Catalogue of Music, Box X Marysville, O

Union School of Music,

FREE

GOLD WATCH AND TWIN DIAMOND RING

Given with Ring. Watch is Solid Gold, Hunting Case, Stemwind and Stem Set, Guaranteed 20 Years. Ring is Solid Gold, set with two fine Diamonds. Both sent free for selling only 12 packages of Bluine at 10c. each. When sold send us $1.20 and we will send Watch and Ring by return mail. Address, BLUINE CO., DEPT. 5 CHICAGO.

Suit Like This $5

Half Your Money Back

In any section you intend to the cash value of $5.00 on any tailor order for a suit or pair of pants.

We make the best $5.00 tailoring in America, and guarantee it. Our fine suiting only cloth that wears best and is latest in style and color. Your best tailor's stock will not compare with our $5 suit or pants.

$5 CASH VALUE $5

Send us a piece of your every suiting, fancy vests, etc., and full particulars. Write to-day.

We will send you our catalogue of men's fine furnishing goods, tailor's samples, fashion plates, etc., and our men's overcoats, boys' suits, men's complete suits, pants, etc., at prices that will surprise you.

$25,000 stock of hundreds of articles for the home and personal wear at half the usual prices. Write to-day.

The Gents' Supplies Outfitting Co.

Dept. B-114 248-244 Market Street, Chicago

TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL

This Interesting Talking and Sleeping Doll is made of fine bisque head, and jointed body, dressed in fine Lawn Dress, Silk Plaited Bracelet on each arm, and Silver Ring on each hand, as shown in picture. Doll is 18 inches high, and will say Papa, Mamma, Baby, Dolly, etc., and will sleep when laid down. Given absolutely free for selling only 12 packages of Bluine at 10c. each. When sold send us $1.20 and we will send Doll by return mail. Address,

Bluine Co., Dept. 5 Chicago

BIG OFFER Silver Plaited Bracelet FREE

What Did He Mean?

He—I believe congratulations are in order. Fred accepts mine.

She—What for?

He—I heard you were engaged.

She—You're late. I've been married for two months to Mr. Roller.

He—Oh, I beg pardon. How stupid! I'm so sorry.

A Temperance Experiment.

Old Toper—Gimme me a dollar's worth o' tea.

Grocer—Ah! Glad to see you spendin' your money on groceries. Think you'll keep it up?

Old Toper—I don't know yit; maybe. I heard today that it didn't cost half as much for git drunk on tea as on whisky, and I thought I'd try it.

The Same Stick.

Lady Pinehealth (at hotel entrance)—No, I have no money to spare for you. I don't see why an able-bodied man like you should go around begging.

Lazy Tramp—I s'pose, mum, it's for about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel, instead of keepin' house.

Explanation.

The Bridesmaid—You were awfully nervous at the altar, dear.

The Bride—Yes, I suppose so. George is so timid, you know, and I was afraid he would run away before the minister got through.

Pronouns.

Teacher—What are the three personal pronouns?

Pupil—He, she and it.

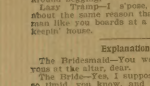
Teacher—Give an example of their use.

Pupil—Husband, wife and baby.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The Ledger will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Silver Set FREE



Ladies, this Silver Set is of genuine double-plated, guaranteed metal, and is sold not to tarnish. You could not buy as good for $2.00 in your local store. You can get it FREE. Sell 10 colour cards shelf hangers at 10c each and send us the $2.00, and beautiful Hi-strut silver set is yours. List of other premiums, and plan to secure them free, sent with cards. Write today, and we will send you the cards and premium list when sold and return at once.

ROGERS MORRIS CO. Dept. 314 Chicago.

Earn $8 EVERYBODY SOLD. WASHING FLUID MAKES OWN. Sample 10c. R. W. SCOTT, CONCORD, N. Y.

$75 Month and Expenses to experienced men to introduce our Poultry Specialties. Prize Mfg. Co., Sta. W, CINCINNATI, OHIO

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound. STANDARD MFG. CO., DEPT. 8, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

STARK BROS Want MORE SALESMEN PAY Weekly Nurserymen, Louisiana, Mo. Dansville, N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted Lady Agents to take orders. Pleasant and profitable. Our agents make big wages and using open mammoth. Send for free illustrated offer. ADAMS CLOAK CO., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB

removes dandruff, cures headache, relieves nervousness, falling hair, restores hair-color to natural shade, and is unbreakable, lasts a lifetime, sells on sight to every woman. Write today for terms. PROF. LONG, 420 Ash Street, PEKIN, ILL.

USE OUR MONEY

We helped 10,000 Agents last year. Goodchild's on 30 DAYS' credit; deliver and collect before you pay. Profits 100 per cent. Outfit free. Exclusive territory. Retail merchants should not pass this by. Big catalog & sample outfit FREE. CONSUMERS SUPPLY & FRAMS CO. 250 W. West Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how you can make $3 a day sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you need to be honest, where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write us to-day. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 2272 Detroit, Mich.

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED — $75 — Mdme. McCabe

UNBREAKABLE SIDE AND EXPANDING BACK CORSETS.

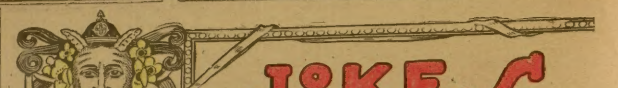
WELL known, easily sold. Active intelligent ladies can make from $25.00 to $60.00 per week. Many of our agents make more. Exclusive territory given. Address ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Wanted for our Purpose Steel Concrete Machine. Wire Fencing, Single Pulley, etc., $ Scale to suit purchasers. Sells at sight. Big profits. Write for circulars. Address Box 1, Bucyrus, Ohio.

SELL FARMERS TOOLS

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE A. E. Foos Foundry Co., Dept. 600, Fredericktown, Ohio.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.



Knew Her Mediocrity.

"What wages do you pay, mum?"

"I am willing to pay you whatever you are worth."

"I've never worked for as little as that, mum. Good day to you."

Not Able to Share It.

"The editor says it will be at least a year before he can publish my poem. That's a long time to wait."

"Yes; you might die, and then the whole disgrace would fall on your family."

A BACK-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Budding Poet—Have you read my "Descent into Hell?"

Worldly Person—No, but I should like to see it very much.

Two Intruders.

"Would you believe it, sir, I came to this dance without an invitation!" said one of the company at a private ball.

"So did I," was the reply.

"How did you work it?"

"Just pure bluff! How did you manage it?"

"Oh, my wife's giving the dance!"

A Slight Mistake.

Mrs. Tubb—Is this yer matchless cleanser? Is this yer new-fangled-clean-all? Is this yer housewife's friend?

Mr. Grim—No, it ain't. Your gal came 'ere for 'alf a pound of cheese and 'arf a pound of soap—that's the cheese.

Mrs. Tubb—Oh! is it? Then my old man's ate the soap!

The Master's Return.

"Are you the master of this house?"

"I was yesterday."

"Well, if you was yesterday, why ain't yer terday?"

"My good man, my wife returned from the seaside yesterday!"

"Good lor!"

Married Now.

"Wilson's married now, and he's a reputation to live up to."

"I heard he had married the widow he was about with last winter, but what's the reputation he's got to live up to?"

"His wife's first husband's."

Looked Like a Quitter.

Bacon—I was in court today, and saw your friend Egbert.

Egbert—What was he doing?

Bacon—Oh, laying down the law.

Egbert—Is that so? Why, he only took it up about a year ago.

Her Reasons Apparent.

Harry—Blanche says she has insuperable reasons for remaining single.

Horace—Yes, I know what they are, Harry—Then she has told you?

Horace—No; but I have seen her.

The Same Henry.

Mr. Stubb—Confound it, I haven't time to move that chair, so you can hunt for your hairpins.

Mrs. Stubb—And you are the same Henry who promised to move Heaven and earth for me before we were married.

A girl at the ball game averred,
"It's ridiculous here, on my word!
The bleachers don't bleach,
And the conches just screech,
And the 'fans' give hot air—it's absurd!"

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are many truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a reason."

"Want Ad." Bulls.

"Wanted, a furnished room for a single gentleman looking both ways and well ventilated."

"Wanted, a saddle horse for a lady weighing 200 pounds."

"Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted, a woman to wash, iron and milk one or two cows."

Decidedly.

The Doctor—What do you think of this claim made by certain men that they can locate veins of water by walking around with a forked switch in their hands? Is there anything in it?

The Professor—Yes; I know one of them that gets $10 every time he guesses right.

A Brave Horse.

Buyer (confidentially)—Say, boy, are you sure this horse won't scare at a locomotive?

Stable-boy—Scare? Not much! Why, sir, three different men have been killed because that there horse balked in the middle of the track just to enjoy seein' the bull-line comin'.

Our Northern Substitute.

"In that tropical country," the returned traveler was explaining, "most of the houses are constructed with an inclosure in the center, which they call the court."

"I see," said the hostess. "In our colder latitude the parlor is generally used for that purpose."

Very Still.

"Is that young man in the parlor with Maude still?" asked her father, suddenly looking up from his paper.

"Very still," replied her mother.

JOLLITY

What He Required.

"Give me a theme," said the poet with the unbarbered hair, "and I will do my part."

"In order to do your part," rejoined his matter of fact friend, "all you need is a comb."

The Difference.

"Yes, Professor Talker is going in for politics. Why shouldn't he be successful? He speaks six or seven languages fluently, while the average politician——"

"Succeeds because he is able to keep his mouth shut in one language."

He—But why don't you come canoeing with me?
She—Well, because I can't breathe under water.

A Benefit.

Mrs. Greene—Now, tell me truly, do you believe it is any benefit to punish children?

Mrs. Beech—Certainly. You can't imagine how much better I feel after I've given Tim a good trouncing.

Cancerol, a Mild Treatment for Cancer.

The originator of Cancerol claims more cures from its use than from all other treatments combined. Cheap but a trifle to satisfy yourself. Write for handsome free book. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 888, Indianapolis, Ind.

Reduced.

"He used to be quite a little dude before he lost his job."

"Now he's a little subdued."

Hunting a Roll.

"Does your wife ever look under the bed at night?" asked the inquisitive gentleman whose better half was very timid.

"Oh, yes," replied his friend, "ever since I tried to hide my vest under there one night."

The Proof.

"Dolly has offered to sing at Ethel's concert."

"I thought she hated Ethel?"

"Well, that proves it, doesn't it?"

The Limit.

"Greedy fellow, isn't he?"

"Greedy! Say, if he were a duck he wouldn't refuse an umbrella."

In No Danger.

Mrs. Minks (suspicious)—George, there is an account in the paper about a business man leaving his wife and running off with a pretty typewriter girl.

Mr. Minks—Indeed.

"Yes, and it's the third account of the kind I've seen this week."

"That doesn't interest me."

"It does me. You have a pretty typewriter girl in your office."

"No, we haven't. My partner eloped with her last week."

Not in His Line.

"Oh, no," said the man with the absent hair as he sat down in the only vacant seat in the car beside a woman with an infant in her arms, "I don't mind babies at all."

"Don't you, really?" asked the mother, with a sweet and expansive smile.

"Not me," replied the old duffer. "I always let the women mind them."

Darwin's Mistake.

"That fellow Darwin must have been nutty if he really believed that men are superior to us," said the monkey.

"Well, aren't they?" queried the ape.

"I should say not," replied the monkey. "Why, those creatures have to use a ladder to enable them to climb trees."

Cause and Effect.

Police Judge—What's the charge against the prisoner?

Policeman—Interfering with an officer, your honor.

Police Judge—What did he do?

Policeman—He entered the side door of a saloon and woke me up.

Skeptical.

"I like to believe that all men are honest," said the moralizer.

"Same here," rejoined the demoralizer; "still, I always draw the line at taking the same patent medicine for liver complaint that I use for toothache, no matter how the label reads."

Helpless.

"You mustn't let your wife get so excited," said the medical man as he turned around to wish the husband good day.

"Good gracious, doctor," cried the latter, "you're talking nonsense! I tried to stop my wife from getting excited, she'd get so excited she'd raise the roof."

Better Plan.

"At first," said the victim of a railway accident, "the doctor thought it would be necessary to amputate my leg."

"But he didn't find it necessary, eh?" remarked the friend.

"No," replied the victim. "He pulled it instead."

He Was Thankful.

Butler—Here is a box of cigars your wife bought you as a birthday present, sir.

Gunner—Thank goodness!

Butler—For the cigars?

Gunner—No, that my birthday only comes once a year.

Left Him in the Dark.

Green—There goes a woman whom I once considered the light of my life.

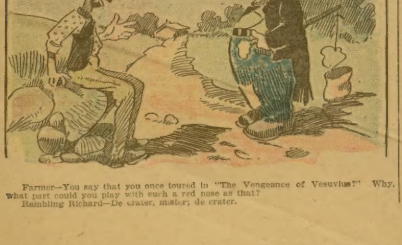
Brown—Why didn't you marry her?

Green—A chap with more money than I could show came along and the light went out.

Slightly Mixed.

Singleton—What's the matter, old man? You seem to have trouble on your mind.

Wedderly—You've called the turn. My wife told me to order something downtown and I'll be hanged if I can remember whether it was a settee or a tea set.



Farmer—You say that you once toured in "The Vengeance of Vesuvius?" Why, what part could you play with such a red nose as that?
Rambling Richard—De crater, mister; de crater.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to your neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation should read the advertisements of good offers below.

AGENTS WANTED — **For Mend-a-Rip**

Greatly improved. Better than ever. An iron on cloth of right weight, ready cemented. Will not wash off. Will not injure the most delicate fabric. Sells rapidly wherever shown. A child can use it. Sold by mail, postpaid, 25c. Agents make a big profit. Sells on sight. Write for terms and territory. Sample and outfit free. Address, MEND-A-RIP MFG. CO., Dept. 10, Fremont, O.

AGENTS can make money selling Elec. Insoles. Elec. Belts and Shoes. Write for terms for canvass and trade list. ELEC. APPL. CO., Burlington, Kan. Box 1.

$25 PER WEEK and traveling expenses paid salesmen to sell poultry specialties. Permanent engagements. A. DEFIANCE CO., Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS to sell the Sunnyside Fairy Floor Mop. Sells at sight. Every housewife wants one. Every getter ever heard of. E. HILKE, Chicago

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. ZANTLE CO., Dept. 24, Parsons, Kansas

$40 per Week and Expenses to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. Parsons Manufacturing Co., Dept. 15, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Experience Not Necessary. Furnish Free. HARRIMAN AGENCY CO., Box 203, Station L, New York

AGENTS WANTED Sell $1 Ore-Ozone for 25 cents, 100 per cent profit. New plan, everybody buys. Write for terms and territory. OREOZONE CO., 1 to 166 Main St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Standard Shoe and Harness Repairing Outfit. Write for terms. Mfrs., LAWTON & BUSHMAN, Mfrs., Burlington, Wis.

MAN OR WOMAN WANTED to travel, distribute samples and take orders. $10 a week, expenses advanced. Local territory. Permanent position. ZIEGLER CO., 240 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

$15.00 A WEEK easily earned by any lady during spare moments. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. Mention this paper. SAWYER MFG. CO., 119 Michigan st., Chicago

GOOD PAY $5.00 a day and board to agents. Write by mailing JOSEPH ALL WOOD 97 Tight Weather Strip. Anyone can apply it to doors and windows. Keeps out the cold 95%. FREE sample and terms. CHAS. J. FORD, Holyoke, Mass., 627 Sentor Bldg.

ELECTRIC FLASH LIGHTS $3c to $4.00

Agents Wanted.

MEN WANTED Reliable men to introduce our new Insulating throughout the United States to advertise our goods, nailing up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small circulars; etc. Steady employment; salary $18 a week, and $3 a day for hotel and traveling expenses; extra inducements. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada

AGENTS WANTED $100 PER MONTH

Handsome pocket mirrors. Our leaders of which we have very attractive designs. All kinds made of best nickel steel. Sell on sight. Write at once for full particulars, making our $100 a month offer to one in each locality. Also sticks of handsome pocket sample case. Exclusive territory to agents. Harris Cutlery Co., 1265 W. Fourth St., Canton, Ohio

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as a counterfeit detector. Invaluable to all business men. AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL FREE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST,
INDIANA, INDIANA COUNTY, PA

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA;

KING YET NOT KING.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

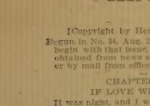
[Copyright by Henry Holt & Co.]

Begun in No. 34, Aug. 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

IF LOVE WERE ALL.

It was night, and I was in the cell where in the King had lain in the castle of Zenda. The great pipe that Rupert of Hentzau had nicknamed "Jacob's ladder" was gone, and the lights in the room around me twinkled in the darkness. All was was still; the din and clash of strife were gone. I had spent the day hidden in the forest



from the time when Fritz had led me off, having Sapt with him. Provided with cover of dusk, muffled up, I had been brought to the castle and lodged where I now lay. Though three men had died there —two of them by my hand—I was not troubled by ghosts. I had thrown myself on a pallet by the window, and was looking out on the black water; Johann, the keeper, still pale from his wound, but not much hurt besides, had brought me supper. He told me that the King was doing well, that he had seen the Princess; that she and he, Sapt and Fritz had been long together with Marshal Strakenz was gone to Strelsau. Black Michael lay in his room, and Antoinette de Mauban watched by him. Had I not heard from the chapel priests singing Mass for him?

Outside there were strange rumors afoot. Some said that the prisoner of Zenda was dead; some, that he had vanished yet silver; some, that he was a wizard and by sorcery the King well in some adventure in England; others, that he had discovered the Duke's plans and had therefore been kidnaped by him. One or two shrewd fellows shook their heads and said that they could say nothing, but they had suspicions that many were to be given to Rupert unless if Colonel Sapt would tell all he knew.

Thus Johann chatted till I sent him away, and lay there thinking of Fritz, of the future, but—as a man is wont to do when stirring things have been afoot—more of hearing the events of the past weeks, and wondering how strangely they had fallen out. And when I fell asleep at last that night I heard the standards flapping against their poles, for a Black Eagle and Arms hung there half-mast high, and above it the flag with Rupert of Hentzau for the next night more over my head. Habit grows apace that only by an effort did I recollect that I dwelled in a castle.

Presently Fritz von Tarlenheim came into the room. I was sitting on the bed. He closed the door, the glass was open, and I was belaughtering the cement which clung to the masonry of the "Jacob's ladder" with my feet. He told me briefly that the King wanted me, and therefore I was to be washed, shaved and entered the room that had been Black Michael's.

The King was lying there in bed; our doctor from Tarlenheim was in attendance and a white-robed nurse. But my visit must be brief. The King held out his hand and shook mine. Fritz and the doctor withdrew to the window.

I took the King's ring from my finger and gave it him.

"I have tried not to dishonor it, sire," said I.

"I can't talk much to you," he said in a weak voice. "I have had a long talk with Sapt and the marshal—for we have told the marshal everything. I wanted to take you with me, Rudolf, to tell you what I owe to everyone of what you had done; and you would have had your reward. But you saved my friend, Cousin Rudolf. But they tell me I must not, and that the secret must be kept —if kept it can be."

"They are right, sire. Let me go. My work is done."

"Yes, it is done, as no man but you could have done it, and I am safe, and he knows he shall have my beard on; I shall—yes, faith, I shall be wasted with sickness. They will not wonder at that! Rudolf, I owe you my life, Cousin, I shall try to let them find him changed in other ways. I will not shown me how to play the King."

"Sire," said I, "I can claim no praise from you. It is by the narrowest grace of God that I was not a worse traitor than your brother."

He turned inquiring eyes on me; but a sick man's curiosity is narrow for he had no strength to question me. His glance fell on Fritz's hand. I think I rightly thought he would question me about it, but after fingering it idly he let his head fall on his pillow.

"I don't know when I shall see you again," he said faintly, "and I am weary."

"If I can ever serve you again, sire," I answered.

His eyelids closed. Fritz came with the doctor. I kissed the King's hand, and let Fritz lead me back to the room I had left.

Outside Fritz turned, not to the right, back toward the drawbridge, but to the left, and, without speaking, led me upstairs, through a handsome corridor to his own room.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

Looking me full in the face, he answered: "She has sent for you. When it is over come back to the bridge. I'll wait for you there."

"What does she want?" said I, breathing quickly.

He shook his head.

"Does she know everything?"

"Yes, everything."

He opened a door, and gently pushing me in, closed it behind me. I found myself in a drawing room, small and richly furnished. At first I thought that I was alone for the light that came from a pair of shaded candles on the mantelpiece was very dim. But presently I discerned a woman's figure standing by the window. I knew it was the Princess, and I walked up to her, fell on one knee, and carried the hand that hung by her side to my lips. She neither moved nor spoke. I rose to my feet, and, gazing the gloom with my eager eyes, saw her pale face and then the gleam of her hair, and before I knew I spoke softly:

"Flavia!"

She trembled a little, and looked round. Then she darted to me, talking hold of me.

"Don't stand, don't stand! No, you mustn't! You're hurt! Sit down—here, here!"

She made me sit on a sofa, and put her hand on my forehead.

"How has your head is!" she said, sinking on her knees by me. Then she laid her head against me, and I heard her murmur: "My darling, how hot your head is!"

Somehow love grows even to a dull man the knowledge of his lover's heart. I had come to humble myself and pray pardon for my presumption, but what I said now was:

"I love you with all my heart and soul!"

For what troubled and shamed her? Not her love for me. I knew that. I had not misinterpreted the lover as I had acted the King, and taken her kisses with a smothering smile.

"With all my life and heart!" said I, as she clung to me. "Always, from the first moment I saw you in the cathedral! There has been but one woman in the world to me—and there will be no other. But God forgive me the wrong I've done you!"

"You have to do it!" she said quickly; and she sobbed, raising her head and looking at me with eyes that were dimmed with tears—if I'd known it. It was always you, never the King!" and she raised herself and kissed me.

"I meant to tell you," said I, "I was going to on the night that he struck me down; Sapt interrupted me. After that I couldn't—I couldn't tell you before—before I knew I must! My darling, for you I nearly left the King to die!"

"I do know! What are we to do now, Rudolf?"

I put my arm around her and held her up while I said:

"I am going away tonight."

"Oh, not yet!" she cried. "Not tonight!"

"I must go tonight, before more people know that I'm still here. I would have you stay, sweetheart, except—"

"Except what?" she whispered very low.

"My God!" said I roughly, "don't talk about that! and I thrust her a little back from me.

"Do not? I love you. You are as good a gentleman as the King!"

"Yes, I was good, all that I should have held by. For I caught her in my arms and prayed her, in words that I will not write, to echo that prayer of Rudolf of Ruritania, to take her from me. And for a while she listened, and I counted even the beating of her eyes looked on me I grew ashamed, and my voice died away in broken words, in tears and unmeanings, and at last I was silent.

She drew herself away from me and stood against the wall, while I sat on the edge of the bed, wondering every thing, and saying what I had done—loathing it, obstinate not to undo it. So we rested for a long time.

"I am a fool!" I said sullenly.

"My dearest, my dearest dear," she answered.

Her face was away from me, but I caught the sparkle of a tear on her cheek. I clutched the sofa with my hand and held myself still.

"Is love the only thing?" she asked, in a low voice. "Is love enough? Is there a calm even to my wrung heart. "Is love were the only thing I should follow you—I would go to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand. But love is not the only thing."

I made her no answer. It gives me shame that I should have had to hear her say it.

She came near me and laid her hand on my shoulder. I put my hand up and held it there.

"I know people write and talk as if it were the only thing. Fools! Fools! Are we? Ah, if I were one of them! But if love were all, Rudolf, if love you would have let the King die in his cell."

I kissed her hand.

"None of us is a woman too, Rudolf. My honor lies in being true to my country and my husband. But I cannot say 'why God' me love you; but I know that I must stay!"

Still I said nothing; and she, pausing a while then went on:

"Your ring will always be on my finger, Rudolf, and I shall wear no other. I will write you no mine. But you must go and I must stay. Else you, my dear, would die, and I think of doing."

I knew what she meant, and a shiver ran through me. But I made no answer. She sighed, and took her hand.

"Do you remember the night we must," I said. "I think God shows his purpose to some of us. Fritz is King, Rudolf of Ruritania, the plots and counterplots. In his epinions we have still a sacrificial mind, there was more to be said for Black Michael than the world suspected. I was hinted at a well-founded suspicion that the mysterious prisoner of Zenda, concerning whom a good many assertions had been spreared, was not a man at all, but there I had some and no no matter—I was disguised as a man; and start strife between the King and his brother for this imaginary lady's favor was at the bottom of their quarrel.

"Perhaps it was Mme. de Maubun herself," I suggested.

"No!" said George decisively. "Antoinette de Maubun was jealous of her, and betrayed the Duke to the King for that reason. Also she was a fool. But I'm well known that the Princess Flavia is now extremely cold to the King. And everything is most affectionate."

At this point I changed the subject, and escaped from George's "inspired" delusions. But if diplomatists never know anything more than they think they are holding out in this instance, they appear to me to be somewhat expensive luxuries.

While in Paris I wrote to Antoinette, though I did not venture to call upon her. I received in return a little note, explaining its which she assured me that the King's generosity and kindness, no less than her regard for me, bound her conscience to absolute secrecy. She expressed the intention of settling in the country, and withdrawing herself entirely from society. Whether she carried out her designs I have never heard; but as I have not met her, or heard news of her up to this time, it is probable that she did. There is no doubt that she was deeply attached to the Duke of Strelsau; and her

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conduct at the time of his death proved that no knowledge of the man's real character was enough to root her regard for him out of her heart.

I had one more battle left to fight—a battle that would, I knew, be severe, and [illegible] bound to end in my complete defeat. W[illegible] I not back from the Tyrol, without hav[illegible] made any study of its inhabitants, institutions, scenery, fauna, flora, or other features? Had I not simply wasted my t[illegible] in my usual frivolous, good-for-nothing way. That was the aspect of the matter which, I was obliged to admit, would [illegible]sent itself to my sister-in-law, and again a verdict based on such evidence I had really no defense to offer. It may be supposed, then, that I presented myself in Park Lane in a shamefaced, sheepi[illegible]ion. On the whole, my reception was not so alarming as I had feared. It turned ou[illegible] that I had done, not what Rose wished, but—the next best thing what she prophesied. She had declared t[illegible] should make no notes, record no obs[illegible] ither no materials. My brothe[illegible] on the other hand, had been [illegible] to maintain that a really serious resolve [illegible] ea-me.

When I [illegible]turned empty-handed Rose w[illegible] so occupied [illegible] triumphing over Burlesdo[illegible] that she let me down quite easily, devoting the greater part of her reproaches to my failure to advertise my friends of my whereabouts.

"We've wasted a lot of time trying to find you," she s[illegible]

"I know you [illegible] 'Half our ambassadors have led [illegible]s on my account. George Featherly told me so. But why should you have been [illegible]? I can take care of myself."

"Oh, it wasn't that," [illegible] scornfully; "but I wanted to tell [illegible] Borrodaile. You know he's got an emb[illegible]—at least, he will have in a month—and he wrote to say he hoped you would go with him."

"Where's he going to?"

"He's going to succeed Lord Topham at Strelsau," said she. "You couldn't have a nicer place, short of Par[illegible]"

"Strelsau! H'm!" said I, glancing at my brother.

"O[illegible]'t matter!" exclaimed Rose impatiently. [illegible]w you will go, won't you?"

"I don't know that I care about it!"

"Oh, you're too exasperating."

"And I don't think I can go to Strelsau. My dear Rose, would it be suitable?"

"Oh, nobody remembers that horrid old story now."

Upon this I took out of my pocket a portrait of the King of Rur[illegible] taken a month or two before he [illegible] the throne, and he wore a full beard. Nevertheless she could not miss my point when I said, putting it into her hands:

"In case you've not seen or noticed a picture of Rudolf V., there he is. Don't you think they might recall the story if I appeared at the court of Ruritania?"

My sister-in-law looked at the portrait, and then at me.

"Good gracious!" she said, and flung the photograph down on the table.

"What do you say, Bob?" I asked.

Burlesdon got up, went to a corner of the room, and searched in a heap of newspapers. Presently he came back with a copy of the Illustrated London News. Opening the paper, he displayed a double-page engraving of the Coronation of Rudolf V. at Strelsau. The photograph and the picture he laid side by side. I sat at the table fronting them; and as I looked I grew absorbed. My eye traveled from my own portrait to Sapt, to Strakencz, to the rich robes of the cardinal, to Black Michael's face, to the stately figure of the Princess by his side. Long I [illegible]. I was roused by my [illegible] hand on my shoulder. He was gazing down at me with a puzzled expression.

"It's a remarkable likeness, you see," said I. "I really think I had better not go to Ruritania."

Rose, though half convinced, would not abandon her position.

"It's just an excuse," she said pettishly. "You don't want to do anything. Why, you might become an ambassador!"

"I don't think I want to be an ambassador," said I.

"It's more than you ever will be," she retorted.

That is very likely true, but it is not more than I have been. The idea of being an ambassador could scarcely dazzle me. I had been a king!

So pretty Rose left us in dudgeon; and Burlesdon, lighting a cigarette, looked at me still with that curious gaze.

"That picture in the paper——" he said.

"Well, what of it? It shows that the King of Ruritania and your humble servant are as like as two peas."

My brother shook his head.

"I suppose so," he said. "But I should know you from the man in the photograph."

"And not from the picture in the paper?"

"I should know the photograph from the picture: the picture's very like the photograph, but——"

"Well?"

"It's more like you," said my brother.

My brother is a good man and true—so that, for all that he is a married man and mighty fond of his wife, he should know any secret of mine. But this secret was not mine, and I could not tell it to him.

"I don't think it's so much like me as the photograph," said I boldly. "But anyhow, Bob, I won't go to Strelsau."

"No, don't go to Strelsau, Rudolf," said he.

And whether he suspects anything, or has a glimmer of the truth, I do not know. If he has he keeps it to himself, and he and I never refer to it. And we let Sir Jacob Borrodaile find another attache.

Since all these events whose history I have set down happened I have lived a very quiet life at a small house which I have taken in the country. The ordinary ambitions and aims of men in my position seem to me dull and unattractive. I have little fancy for the whirl of society, and none for the jostle of politics. Lady Burlesdon utterly despairs of me; my neighbors think me an indolent, dreamy unsociable fellow. Yet I am a young [illegible] and sometimes I have a f[illegible] [illegible] I shall [illegible] match my wits against my enemies', brace my muscle to fight a goo[illegible] blows. Such is th[illegible] with gun or rod in hand. I w[illegible] the woods or by the side of the [illegible] Whether the fan[c]y will be fulfilled I [illegible]—still less w[illegible] her the s[illegible] memory, I la[illegible] for my new exploits will be the true on[e] for I love to [illegible] myself once again in the [illegible] [S]trelsau, [illegible] [Ca]stle of Zenda. [illegible]led, my broodin[g] [illegible]ck to the [illegible] first revel with th[illegible] brave tea table, the [illegible] pursuit in the for[illegible]y foes, the p[eo]ple w[illegible] and honor me, the despe[illegible] to kill me. And [illegible] one who [illegible]ll of them [illegible] th[illegible] I do not [illegible] is women's [illegible] into my h[illegible] and the blood m[illegible] y veins; and the hint of [illegible] presentiment [illegible] definite. [illegible] y ear that [illegible] play with [illegible] [r]ise myself in [illegible]

[illegible] nd smoke [illegible] the [illegible] as th[illegible] k of F[illegible] s with him to D[illegible]

[illegible] bind me and the Q[illegible]—nobler, as I told her, f[illegible] followed where her [illegible] House led he[illegible] [illegible]s to thousands by her self-sac[rifice] [illegible] when I dare not think [illegible] when I rise in [illegible]t to wh[illegible] then I can thank God that I lo[ve] t[he] [illegible]st lady in the world, the most gr[illegible] [a]nd that there was nothing in my [illegible] made her fall short in her high dut[y].

Shall I see her face again—the [illegible] and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing; Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment. I do not know. In this world, perhaps—nay, it is likely—never. [illegible] it be that somewhere, in a mann[er] [illegible] our flesh-bound minds have no [illegible]ion, she and I will be together again, with nothing to come between us, nothing to forbid our love? That I know not, nor wiser heads than mine. But if it be never—if I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why, then, this side the grave, I will live as becomes the man whom she [illegible]; and for the other side I must pray a [dre]amless sleep.

The end.

He—Since he married that rich girl I un[illegible] out lead[illegible] dog's life.

S[illegible] expected [illegible] much.

[illegible] he does nothing but eat, lie [illegible]

A Third Prayer.

"I was driving acro[ss] the country [in] New Hampshire last summer on busine[ss]," sa[id] the Boston drummer, "and a jolt of the farmer's wagon threw me out on my head and bruised me so badly that I was laid up at a farmhouse for two weeks. The farmer was a good-hearted but close-fisted man, and as soon as I recovered consciousness he began to worry as to what he ought to charge me. I caught scraps of conversation and made out that he wanted to do the right thing, but did not want to let me off too cheaply. The day before I was to go he had another talk with his wife, and sh[e] [ad]vised him to make it an ol[illegible] He went to t[illegible] [illegible] Hann[ah] [illegible] out I o[illegible]r charg[e] [illegible]

"If you [illegible] look him in t[illegible]

"You'd better go' [illegible]

"He held out for a time, but [illegible] sought th[illegible] once more. When he [illegible]

[illegible] little steep Han[nah] [illegible] A[illegible] bein onl[y] $1[illegible] [illegible] [ho]nest wh[illegible]

[illegible] wrong somewhere, [illegible] no such price as that, and the naybuis would call us robbers. Go back to the barn once more, and this time kneel in a new place."

"But I don't s[ee] how I'm to git it below [illegible]

[illegible] vay and wa[illegible] [illegible] when he came [illegible] [illegible]n dollars [illegible] to town tomorro[w]

"That's good, Samuel!—that's [illegible] a fair price, and when he know[s] [illegible] prayed three times over it and [illegible] up your farm work most of the time to r[illegible] his bruises he won't kick. If he does you kin jest stick to your price and lay all the blame on the L[ord]."

Wood Used for Money.

Wooden checks were used in England from the earliest times until as late as 1834. Each tally, as they were called, was made out of a curved piece of hazel, notches being cut along the edges to stand for a certain sum of money; the tally was then sawed half through below the lowest notch, and the notched part split into two pieces, [on] both of which the notches appeared. [The] pieces served as check and count[erfoil], [corre]sponding to the modern "stub"—the latter being always the larger piece with the unnotched end as a kind of handle. Then the smaller piece was taken by the [illegible] the larger sent to the person on whom the check was drawn—generally a collector of customs or other revenues, public or private. He would honor the check on finding that the two pieces fitted, and had the amount credited to him by the drawer on returning them together to him. [illegible] [tran]sporting large sums in coin avoid[ed] [illegible] of a tally was obviously impos[sible] [illegible] a new counterfoil could be sub[stituted] [illegible] if stolen in the ordinary way [illegible] unlike moder[n] [illegible] show on wh[o]m it was drawn.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Better a crying woman than a scratchy one.

Many a fi[rm] has failed because it wasn't firm.

Afterthoughts are sometimes best. Woman was an afterthought.

When a woman drives her husband to drink he doesn't stop at a water trough.

The fewer friends a man has the more popular he is with himself.

Many a man puts both feet in it by trying to put his best foot forward.

Why women cry when they are glad is still on the unanswered question list.

If half the average man's prayers were answered it would but add to his troubles.

It hurts a pretty girl more to be ignored than it does an ugly girl to be reminded of her homeliness.

The man who would bring up his children in the way they should go will succeed better if he goes that way himself.

Barefoot Time.

Jack loves the barefoot time so well
That when he gets a bruise
He never makes complaint, for fear
He'll have to wear his shoes.

Caesar's Courtship.

A noble young Roman named Caesar
Once called on a maid—tried to squeeze her.
But the girl, with a blush,
Said the Latin for "Tush!
You horrid young thing! Let me baesar!"

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THE SON OF A SOLDIER;

THE BROWN SATCHEL'S SECRET.

By J. M. MERRILL, author of "The Chums of Hickory Bend," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Mark Eldon was somewhat mystified.

He had been hunting for ducks along the river, and was floating down the stream in his canoe. The night had closed in cold and disagreeable. There was a threat of storm in the air.

Up above the trees on the north side streamed the white glare of the northern lights. This in itself indicated a change in the weather. These fine mallards lay in the bottom of his canoe. This was better than a cuff on the ear. It was not, however, a very comforting day's work. Mark thought he ought to have at least a dozen birds.

As the boy floated down the stream his thoughts were of the big factory at Bluffland. He thought of its principal owner, Major Loveland, a sour-faced man of business, who seldom smiled.

Mark thought if money made a man harden his heart and shrivel his soul, it was not worth the price. The Major was reputed a millionaire, having many factories and a gold mine somewhere out West.

Mark had dreamed, as he floated, not of a million, but of something with happiness and pr[illegible]. He did not like Major Loveland, [illegible]. To grow into a man like him was farthest from his boyish dreams. He had sold duck and other game to the factory owner's factotum, and had in this way laid aside a few dollars for future use.

Mark was sure the boatman would not fetch much.

Nearing the town he halted his paddling and bent an eager look ahead. Not far away gleamed a light. He soon ascertained that this was at the boom-house where a man was ever on the watch to see that nothing befell the river property of Major Loveland.

As the boy gazed the light flickered and went out.

A sudden idea popped into the head of Mark Eldon. He would stop at the boom-house and sell his ducks to old Flitton, who had a family and, in the days of slavery days, quite a sportsman. Mark and Tom Flitton were on the best of terms, the boy sometimes spending hours at the boom-house listening to the old man's stories of the late war in which he, Flitton, had taken an active part on the side of the Confederacy.

Tom Flitton was thoroughly reconstructed, however, and agreed with Mark that the latter's father died in a good cause when he fell fighting for the old flag.

Mark allowed the boat to float with the current. About one third of the river's width was included within the Loveland boom, and this for a mile was filled with logs, fixed for the machinery of the Bluffland factory.

The outer hissed and foamed along the big body of logs as Mark's canoe went on its way. Nearing the boomhouse the boy became suddenly aware of something out of the ordinary.

The light had gone out—it was too early for closing for the night.

Besides Mark knew that the big lamp was supposed to shine all through the dark hours. What was old Tom doing to douse his glim so early in the evening?

It was this fact that mystified our boy hero as stated at the outset.

Something had gone amiss at the boomhouse. Mark approached the building with an awed feeling. Dark and uncanny loomed the square board structure, which had for its foundation piles driven deeply into the bed of the river.

Ah, but it is this—

Mark suddenly laid hold of the slippery boom and halted his canoe. Not far away were several forms moving from the boomhouse out upon the stay-boom which held all that mass[illegible]ons of feet of logs—from going down stream to destruction below.

The faint roar of Minnow Falls came to the ears of the boy. These falls were a mile below Bluffland. Here the water dashed in white foam down among rocks and boulders.

There were men upon the stay-boom men on mischief bent. This was soon quite plain to the lad in the canoe.

The shooting lights in the northward lit up the river so that objects could be seen some distance. Something gleamed in the hands of the men. Mark sat in breathless expectancy.

Upward went a glittering object. Then fell a heavy stroke. In an instant Mark Eldon realized the situation. These men were cutting the boom!

What a terrible catastrophe this would be. The whole season's cut of logs lay above the head boom. The loss of the logs meant almost ruin to the factory owner. Mark sat as if turning to stone. He did not like old Major Loveland. For that matter few people did like the crusty Major. Then why not rejoice to see his property hurled over Minnow Falls?

"Why not?"

The question filled every nook and corner of the boy sportsman's brain.

Although Mark Eldon had no mother to careful rearing he yet possessed a fine sense of right. Although an impulsive boy and a reckless lad, Mark was good at heart, and meant to do right.

Thud! Axe[illegible] an ax descended into the boom. Mark Eldon hesitated no longer. He knew that something had happened to the guardian of the logs. If he would save the boom he must act promptly.

The boy lifted his fowling-piece from the bottom of the canoe—a double barreled gun of rather ancient make. Poising this at an angle of forty-five degrees, and directly over the heads of the boom-cutters, he pulled the trigger.

Following the report of the gun such a yell went up as to startle the denizens of the wood for many furlongs around.

The shot had the desired effect. The men scampered from their evil work. Again Mark fired, this shot striking the water below the head boom, cutting it into liquid ribbons. Such a scampering! The marauders fled like whites pursued by Indians. One man fell into the river and came near drowning.

When Mark saw the effect of his shots he snatched his paddle and sent the canoe swiftly down the stream. He rounded the lower boom just in time to rescue the man in the river, who was struggling aimlessly and ready to sink for the last time.

Mark seized the man by the hair and drew[illegible] against the boom. He then called for old Tom. There was no response to this. He was with difficulty that the boy succeeded in drawing his man to safety upon the boom platform. This done the lad secured his canoe and went to the open door of the house.

All was dark inside.

"Hello!" called the boy. [illegible]nswer.

Mark entered and lit a match. [illegible] a lamp going. Then to his [illegible] corner, bound and gagged. It was but the work of a moment to cut the cords and set him free.

Then he sprang up and listened. One grim hand he held behind his ear and listened. He had not yet spoken a word. If he had wished to hear the roar and [illegible] logs he was disappointed, and it was all disappointment.

"You won't hear 'em," said Mark. "The boom is as solid as old Chester."

"But the men were here with axes—"

"But they were, and bent on mischief. What prevented them cut the logs? What prevented them from doing it?"

"I reckon it was I who stopped the mischief."

"You!"

Old Tom threw his arms about Mark and hugged him till the lad cried for him to desist.

"Do you want to kill me, Tom?" gasped the boy.

"Not much I don't. You saved the boom. How did you do it? I can't understand. There were four of 'em with axes—"

"And one weak chap with a gun."

Mark laughed. It was the first time he felt like it. There was withal something mysterious in the whole affair. To Tom Flitton it was a serious matter, however. The property in his keeping had been in danger. There was no disputing the fact that a wicked attempt to ruin his employer had been frustrated.

"For gracious sake don't laugh, Mark," scolded the warder. "Tell me how you saved the boom."

"It proved to be the easiest thing in the world. You know I happen to have a pretty [illegible] caught napping, Mr. Flitton?"

"Five-and-forth axes overawed me."

"I thought it was four."

"No, there were six, I'd swear to that. Two were run down and tied me as ye found me just now. I fought like a nailer, but it was no use."

"It seems not."

"Now, tell me how you did it, Mark."

"That won't take long."

The lad explained his [illegible]se of the transaction very briefly.

"Glory to Hadley, my boy, but you are a hero! Did you say any one of the scoundrels is out on the boom now?"

"Yes, and poor fellow—he may be dead by this time. I forgot—"

Tom Flitton rushed out without waiting to hear his boy friend say a further word.

"The scamp has escaped!" cried old Tom. "I am sorry. I wish we could have held him for future punishment."

CHAPTER II.

MARK'S FIRST BATTLE.

Mark Eldon was summoned to the presence of the Grand Mogul.

It was not from choice that the boy went. His sister Marian advised him to go, although she never quite approved of the rich man.

"You know you have been wanting a job for some time, Mark," she said.

"Yes," assented the boy.

"And I [illegible] you [illegible]

"I [illegible] not [illegible] the [illegible] ods, said he. "Eustace [illegible] a cold young chap; I don't like him the least bit."

"Eustace? The son—"

"No, the nephew. He has been away to school down in some Eastern town. I don't think he has been long at Bluffland. That is why you haven't seen him. I met him once and he insulted me."

Mark was proud as a young Roman. He would do anything for a friend, but for one who imposed on him he had no words with which to express his contempt.

It was two days after the incident at the boom. Mark knew that it was because of this that he had been sent for. The great man of Bluffland was seldom intimate with boys. Mark was somewhat shy in the presence of greatness.

He walked slowly at first. Soon he in-

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creased his speed till, on near approach to the grand house on the bluff, he was moving with the tread of a young conqueror.

"Hello, fellow! Who are you looking for?"

Mark turned at sound of a voice near at hand. A boy about his own age was coming toward him from the direction of the stables, cracking a whip to give emphasis to what he said. The newcomer was elegantly clad, and assumed a jaunty air. Mark halted an instant, then went forward to the gilded iron gate. He recognized Master Eustace and meant to ignore him.

"Say, fellow, aren't you going to answer me?"

The tone was insolent and cutting. Mark turned the knob on the gate.

"Take that for your boorishness!"

Crack went the whip over the shoulders of the visitor to the Towers, as the Loveland mansion was called.

This was more than Mark could stand.

The young Nimrod turned angrily. Crack went the whip. This time the lash cut a welt across the cheek of Mark.

And then Mark Eldon sprang at the whip-wielder with the ferocity of a young panther. The two struggled and mixed in beautiful style. A tall, gray-haired gentleman coming down the graveled walk saw the tangle of feet and arms and realized that there was trouble.

He started into a swifter walk. Reaching the gate he flung it open and laid a hand on the first arm that came uppermost. This proved to belong to Mark Eldon. He dragged him from the prostrate Eustace.

"What—what is the meaning of this?" demanded the manufacturer in a shocked voice. "Mark Eldon, what do you mean by assaulting my nephew?"

There was an angry ring in the speaker's voice. Mark was white and panting. He had demonstrated his ability to thrash his nephew of yours. I don't propose to let him walk over me."

"Quite right, if what you say is true. Come to the house, however. I have something for you there. Forget that boy, can't you?"

"Not quite."

Mark walked along, however, and was soon in a richly furnished room of the Towers, seated in a cushioned armchair. The appointments of the room were, to the eyes of poor Mark Eldon, simply grand. He almost held his breath. He scarcely cared to breathe. Such magnificence was new. He had read of it in books, however.

Mark Eldon was a fine specimen of healthy boyhood. His face was a bit tanned by the sun and wind, yet it glowed with health and good spirits. There were a few pleasing freckles about his well-formed nose which, however, did not detract from his wholesome good looks. His gray eyes had a sparkle that was refreshing to the tired man of business. The contrast between this hearty, healthy boy of the people and his thin-chested nephew was quite marked.

Major Loveland sighed as he thought of this. He sat near fumbling a folded paper on his desk. Mark waited patiently.

"Thomas told me of your heroism at the boom," began the Major.

"Never mind that," broke in the boy. "I do mind it, though. Do you know how much your courage and quick wit saved to me, Mr. Eldon?"

"I haven't tried to figure it out." Mark laughed rather sheepishly.

"It amounts to a good deal. I have enemies who wish to compass my ruin. I am grateful to you for that act, and would do something for you."

The Major opened his desk and drew out a long wallet. What was coming now?

Mark Sprang at the Whip-Wielder

insulter. This was very pleasing to his outraged feelings. His enemy did not immediately rise. He lay with his arms folded over his face from which the blood was streaming.

"I reckon he's got enough," said Mark.

"You little viper!" exclaimed Mr. Loveland.

"If you mean me, what do you think of him?" said Mark, still angry. "He began it by striking me with his whip."

"Get up, Eustace," and the gentleman touched the fallen boy with his hand. Eustace did not move.

"You have killed him," and a horror-marked face was turned to our young hero. Mark did not fear this. He had simply settled the hash of haughty Eustace. That was what "beating" and the defeated lad was making the most of this to win his uncle's approval.

"I guess he isn't much hurt," said Mark. "He's making believe now. Why don't you learn him manners, Mr. Loveland?"

The gentleman lifted his nephew to his feet.

"Go in the house and wash your face, Eustace," said the Major. Then he turned to Mark: "Come with me, sir."

Mark Eldon did not move a step as the great man moved away. He had about decided that it would be prudent to terminate his visit to the Towers, then and there. Mark had pride. It was in the blood, and he would not carry favor with anybody. Neither would he cower in the presence of the rich. This he had just now demonstrated.

"See here, young fellow, aren't you going to obey me?" demanded Major Loveland angrily.

"No, sir. I am not." Mark's lip pressed his teeth. "I am not beholden to you, Major Loveland. I came here at your request and was set upon by that monkey of a

'I am truly sorry about the scrape you got into with Eustace."

"So am I," and Mark quickly. "It wasn't my fault though."

"Very likely you are right."

Major Loveland rose to his feet and opening his wallet produced a long package of greenbacks. This he extended toward the boy in the big chair.

Mark Eldon's cheeks burned like fire. The temptation was something but was scorching his inner man. As we have said, the lad was proud. He felt as if something was being done to him.

"Take this," proceeded the Major. "It but feebly expresses my appreciation of your work the other night."

Mark drew back. His cheeks burned hotter than ever. He thought of Gettysburg, of his father, the soldier who fell there under the shadow of Old Glory. Mark knew the story well. His sister had told it many times. The boy was imbued with all the patriotism of true America. The offer the Major was making him cut almost as fiercely as did the lash of his nephew's whip.

"No," said the boy, "I can't take it."

"What!" said the manufacturer in astonishment. "Perhaps you don't know the amount. Here, examine it."

Mark fairly gasped. His astonishment was even greater than was the Major's. A thousand dollars meant many things to the poor son of a long dead soldier. To him it was riches. The temptation was great. In it any wonder that the lad hesitated?

Slowly Mark Eldon took a backward step.

"Where are you going?" began the rich man.

"Don't, sir!"

The face of Mark was white now. He was himself after a brief mental struggle.

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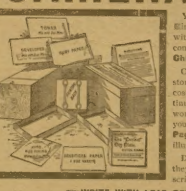

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"Sir—Major Loveland," said Mark, with deep-chested earnestness. "I could not accept it even if it were half your fortune."

And then the boy turned his back to the great temptation and rushed from the room. Major Loveland stood rooted to the floor.

"Of all things!" he exclaimed. "The boy must be mad." And yet he knew better. There was an innate modesty about Mark Eldon, despite his independent bearing, that touched the manufacturer, and thrilled his old heart with a new and kindly feeling.

He replaced the money in the desk and went from the room. It seemed strange to him that this waif of the streets should refuse money. The boy's pride was something not down in the books. It was so different from the haughtiness of mere money wealth. His nephew presented himself, having washed and arranged his hair. He looked rather blue and bruised.

"I'll get even with that sand-piper," he declared angrily.

"Be quiet, you little fool!" snapped the great man of Bluffland. "You don't understand the first principles of honest manliness." The Major walked away thinking of Mark Eldon and his pride.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

Mark Eldon returned home in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. His feelings had been hurt in a tender spot. The manufacturer had not raised himself in the boy's estimation by the offer he had made.

The boy was on the verge of tears when he entered the presence of Marian Daringford, his sister and home-maker.

"Have you seen the Major, Mark?" was her first question.

"Yes, I saw him."

"And what did he want? I imagine he offered you a good position in his factory?"

"Your imagination is at fault, Marian," said the boy, hastily going to his own room without offering any further information.

"Plague take it!" exclaimed Mrs. Daringford. "Mark is such a queer boy."

She knew he would explain in due time, so she waited. Marian was past thirty and had stood as a mother to her brother for several years. She had been unfortunate in her marriage, and having her early home broken up, had succeeded in making one for her little brother, who, with herself, was the last of the family of Eldons.

An hour passed. Mark came sauntering into the living room where Marian was at work. He threw himself into a chair. His face was still white, and the red about his eyes was unmistakable.

"I saw him, May," said the boy, "and big man thought he is he insulted me."

"How, Mark?"

"He offered me money."

"Offered you money! For what, pray?"

"For saving his boom the other night. He was as patronizing as you please. My, but I was mad."

"Never mind," as she saw a flush fill the cheeks of her brother. "The time may come when Major Loveland will be more respectful to his equals. It is his money that gives him a fancied right to be disrespectful. It was not always so, Mark."

"I should hope not. 'Twon't always be so hereafter, either. I mean to climb the ladder myself, May. Some day I'll top the old Major so far as money goes, then I'll——"

"Speak nothing rashly, Mark."

"I won't; but I'm not always going to be poor, a lackey for every boor who has a little money. There's a chance for every boy of grit in this country. If not, what did men die on the battlefield for? I tell you, May, the graves at Gettysburg meant something."

"Inded they did and do," agreed the sister with a sigh. "This is a free and enlightened land, Mark; and yet——"

"And yet a lot of poor stock has mounted to the skies!" said the boy with a hard laugh. He got up and went out. He snatched the ax and began on the woodpile. Mark was industrious, yet restless. Bone labor was for the low-minded he thought. He wanted to soar. Had he been a simpleton not to accept that money? Most boys of his acquaintance would have jumped at the offer. But Mark was unlike most lads. He was ambitious, but not mercenary, frugal and saving, yet not parsimonious.

A whistle cut into his meditations. Some one was coming up the street. Another boy, roly-poly, and whistling a merry tune.

"Hello!" cried Mark.

"Hello yourself, Mark. Did I scare you with my whistle? At work, eh? Now that's a good boy to help sister, but I know you'd like something better."

The speaker was taller and stouter than Mark. He was not perfect physically, however. One shoulder was hunched. He had been deformed from infancy. Despite this fact, however, Dave Quilling was good-natured and happy.

Mark and he were very good chums. Mark did not chum with every boy that came along. It was not his nature. He picked his company. Quilling was one of the picked. The latter's father was a lumber-woods cook, his mother having died in his childhood. A fellow feeling made the two boys kind.

"Mark's a whole orphan, while I'm only half orphan," Dave used to say. "Put us together and me make a dandy team." And so the two lads naturally drifted together.

"What you driving at, Dave?"

"Nothing, now.—Been helping in old Dean's warehouse; got mighty tired of that and sigh for other fields. My genius is of a high order, Marky boy."

"Do you expect me to dispute that?"

"I don't think you would dare."

"What, after——"

"After you have put to rout a gang of outlaws bent on destroying the Major's property; and last but not least, smashing Highup Eustace Staple's aristocratic nose! No-sir-ee-bob, I am the one who ought to be afraid."

The speaker lifted his shoulder into a more pronounced hunch and laughed.

"You are a fool for funning, Dave. Please don't say any more."

"I won't; not about that affair. Of course we accept you as a hero and let it go at that. Now I have something to propose."

"All right; let's hear it."

Mark leaned on his ax and waited. His visitor spat three times from between his teeth. He looked wise. This was not new to Dave Quilling. His auditor waited patiently.

"I have located a job for both of us, Mark."

"Really, Dave?"

"Honest Injun, Mark."

"Well?"

"I heard from the drive this morning. It's up near Bear Creek. They want help, want it awful bad."

"That so?"

"It's so, and I for one am going to the rescue. Came over to see how you felt about it, Mark."

"Oh, I have no objections to your going, Dave," said Mark laughing.

"But you?"

"What can boys do on the drive, Dave?"

"A whole lot. My father wouldn't send me word else."

"What wages?"

"Two dollars a day and found."

"Not for boys?"

"Yes, for boys. The men get three dollars."

Quilling spat three times and regarded his friend inquiringly.

"Will you go, Mark?"

"I'll consult the oracle."

"Marian?"

"Yes. Come on in."

The hunchback followed his friend into the house. Marian received the proposition of Dave Quilling with evident dissent. She said that her brother would be better off at home, even if he didn't make quite so much money.

"The drive is no place for respectable boys," she said, in order to clinch her argument. "There's enough temptation in town——"

"And on the drive there is none," broke in Dave, who was nettled at the manner of the young woman's speech. "My father has followed driving for years and he is respectable."

"Of course," admitted she. "I'm not saying anything against him."

After a long talk Marian consented. Dave left, agreeing to call in the morning for his friend. After the departure of Dave Quilling, Marian had it out with her brother.

"It's the very best thing," he declared. "A little roughing it on the Big Drive will be just the thing. How I'd like to get Eustace Staples up there once. The men would make a monkey of him in no time."

"Don't speak that way, Mark. You must not lay up anything against that boy. He will know more when he is older."

Soon after this Mark went out with his shotgun. He wished to look for ducks, hoping to bag a few for his sister against his departure. Her luxuries would be few after he was gone. Mark loved his sister even though he thought her arbitrary and unreasonable at times.

After a ten minutes walk the boy found himself crossing a long bridge in the outskirts of the town. He was thinking too deeply to watch very closely for game. Through the trees loomed the high points of the Towers, the home of the millionaire manufacturer. Seeing it sent bitter thoughts to the heart of the boy.

Marian had once whispered to him of a wrong committed by Major Loveland. Who were the sufferers she did not say, but this reference hardened the lad in a measure. He was too proud to accept favors, especially from the rich man of Bluffland.

A great dust suddenly rose. Then the clatter of wheels. A pony attached to a small willow phaeton dashed up. Mark sprang forward, dropping his gun.

He grasped the loose flying reins and soon conquered the animal. On the seat lay a limp figure. A girl with dead-white face, streaked with blood. Golden curls were flung in wild confusion about the sloping shoulders.

The girl was Evelyn, the millionaire's only child.

The pony had become frightened and ran away. Miss Evelyn was quite insensible. Mark felt queer. He feared the girl was dead. She lay very white and still in the bottom of the basket phaeton.

Mark stood, awed and silent, regarding the pretty child face. He had seen the girl riding many times, but very seldom had she noticed him. He got into the carriage, lifting her to an easy posture. Placing his gun in beside him he drove in the direction of the Towers.

The girl did not move or stir during his drive. When near the home of Major Loveland, Eustace came down the walk. Mark called to him. The young aristocrat approached and gazed horror-stricken into the supposed dead face of his little cousin.

This story will run in the Ledger of next week, recounting many thrilling scenes and hairbreadth escapes. Do not fail to continue reading it, for it contains much mystery and many extraordinary surprises. If your subscription has expired or is near expiring, renew it at once and get the remainder of this great story and others that will follow. The Ledger is the greatest story paper published. If you desire our free cameras and patterns please see pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Happy Bald-Headed Man.

H. Dayton, a chemist, living at 3004A Magnolia Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., accidentally discovered a mixture that made his hair grow. He tried it on his bald-headed friends with the same result. He is so proud of it that he has had the recipe printed by the thousand and is sending it to all who write and enclose stamp.

Flying Leap.

Ida—Where did you first meet Harold?

May—Down at the beach. He proposed to me while we were on the springing board.

Ida—And you accepted him on the jump, eh?

Mrs. Askers—If you will run the lawn mower over the front lawn I'll give you your dinner.

Skipper Quick—I don't object to runnin' de mower, lady, so much as de possibility of ketchin' up wid it.

No Attraction.

"We are now," said the passenger in the dripping oilskins, "about to round Cape Horn. Don't you want to come out and see it?"

"I should say not," answered the passenger with the novel. "You made me go and look at Sandy Hook, and it wasn't a hook at all. You can't fool me a second time."

As the Whistle Blew.

Bill—Yes, it's just my luck to git blowed up at quitting time.

Hank—What's de matter wid youse? Don't we git double pay fer over time?

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A Romance of the Mills.

(Continued from page seven.)

fore had she been separated from the sister who had been as a mother to her, and as she thought of the long, dreary nights that must pass before they were reunited, her heart swelled with pain and she sobbed violently while the noisy express rushed on through the night.

So absorbed was she in her grief that she failed to notice the aged woman who entered the car at Bowling Green, taking a seat beside her. Nothing was said between the two until half an hour had passed, when, in a soft voice, the old lady addressed her companion.

"Why these tears, my poor girl?"

The sympathy in the tone aroused Imelda, and she wiped her swollen eyes, then replied:

"I'm homesick, Madam. I'm leaving home for the first time, to work in a strange factory in Nashville."

"Indeed, you have my pity," replied the old lady. "When I was young like you I was obliged to leave my home, to work among strangers. Time heals all heartaches, my dear, and yours will heal, as all others."

Tenderly she placed her arm about Imelda's neck, drawing the tired head to her motherly bosom, softly caressing the red, swollen cheek, and a sense of rest stole over the girl—her eyes closed and she fell asleep.

A smile of satisfaction crossed the old lady's face, and she busied herself arranging Imelda's dress so as to protect her from the chill air from the car windows.

The following day and Imelda slept until the train stopped at Edgefield Junction, when the old lady aroused her new friend, and announced that they had arrived at her destination, and, while she was sorry to part with her, she must say "good-bye."

"I shall pray that good luck may attend your future, Miss King," said the old lady, as she clasped Imelda's hand before leaving the car.

Doubly dreary seemed the last few minutes before reaching Nashville, and Imelda bestirred herself, getting her belongings together preparatory to alighting.

"Nashville, Nashville! all change!" came the shout from the brakeman, and as the train came to a standstill, the passengers filed out, Imelda being the last one to leave the car.

She had but stepped to the platform, satchel in hand, when a heavy hand was placed upon her shoulder, and a rough voice sounded in her ear:

"Ahe, my pretty adventuress, I've got you all safe and all right this time!"

This splendid story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not fail to read this great labor romance to the end. If you are not already a subscriber, we strongly urge you to send in your subscription and get the remainder of this captivating story and other thrilling masterpieces that are about to appear in these pages. Boys and girls may desire our free cameras, as announced on page thirteen, and women should subscribe and receive our free pattern in all, a new fall styles, as advertised on page fifteen of this paper.

Brief Yarns.

A college professor, who lost year spent his vacation on a farm, wrote this season to the owner saying: "There are several little matters that I desire changed should I decide to rent my holdings for next year. We don't like the maid Mary; moreover, we do not think a pigpen is near the house is sanitary." The farmer replied: "Mary is gone and we haven't had no hogs since you went away last August."

Old Donald Mackintosh was ill. The minister was with him. He listened with patience to the latter's exhortations, but at length put a question. "Will there be whisky in Heaven?" "Certainly not," the minister replied. "I am surprised that you should ask such a question." "Weel, sir, it's no that I care for't myse'l, but it looks weel on the table."

As a ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a passenger approached the captain and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Is it, really?" remarked the woman. "I thought so; but a gentleman has just told me that it was Greece!"

This old lady was a hypochondriac. Her various diseases interested her and she talked of nothing else. One day a visitor found her eating heartily and inquired as to her health. The invalid sighed and answered: "I feel very well, ma'am, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse, afterward."

True, but—

"No. I don't care to call on her; she gossips so!"

"But she doesn't tell anything that isn't true."

"I know it; that's what makes her so tiresome."

In the Wedding Month.

Bishop Olmstead of Colorado was talking about June weddings.

"June is a lovely month," he said, "and that it should be the month of all months for weddings is a fact easily understood.

"I was amused by the remark a jeweler made.

"The jeweler said that at this season it is a very common thing to see a well-dressed, handsome, intelligent looking young man come into his shop, and say, in a painfully nervous way:

"'Um, ah, er—er—ah, er—ah, um——'

"In this contingency the jeweler simply calls to his clerk:

"'Get out that tray of engagement rings, Jackson.'"

Rather Caustic.

He was one of those horse who force their company on every girl they meet.

"Dearest," he whispered, trying to be romantic, "you remind me of those stars up there."

"And you," replied the summer girl, hastily, "remind me of pure water."

"How poetical! Because I am so bright?"

"No, because you are a dead one."

And then the big bore coughed in embarrassment and said he thought it was time to go home.

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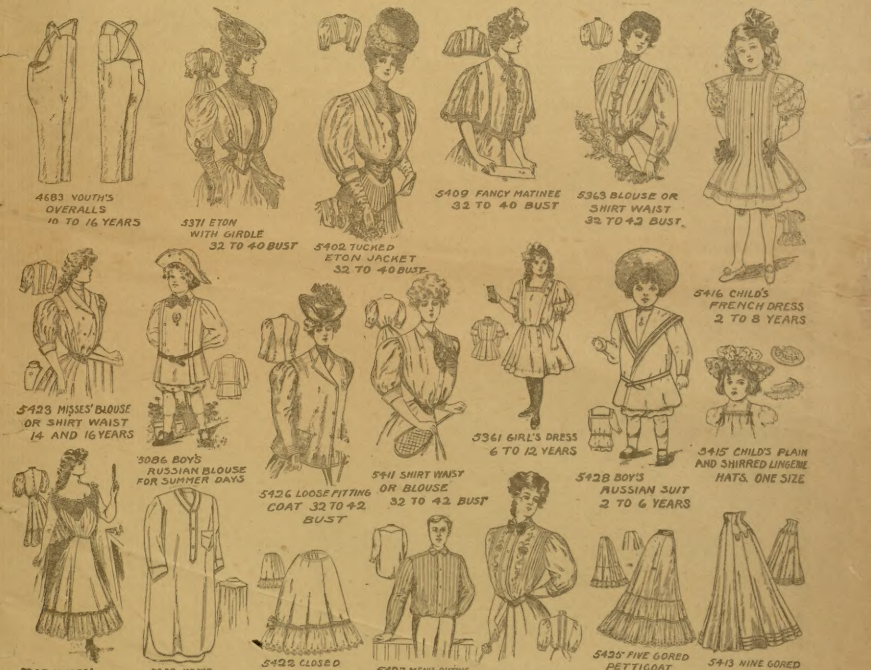
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A Curious Spider.

"Do you want to hear about some curious spiders?" said Aunt Amelia one evening to the children seated around her on the porch.

"Oh! yes, tell us about them, please, or anything else interesting," answered Dick.

"Yes, you know so many curious things about insects," added Helen. "Do tell us something to while away this rainy evening."

"Well, I will first tell you about a spider that builds for himself a craft out of leaves, on which he sails over the water in search of prey. This fairy boat he makes by putting the leaves carefully together, one over another, and binding them with silken cords, which he spins.

"What a clever idea!" exclaimed Paul. "What sort of spider are these ship-builders?"

"They are members of the Dolomedes fimbriatus family—that is their scientific name—and I regret to say they are pirates, as fierce and bold as ever sailed the seas. In appearance, they are large and brown in color, having around the body a band, or sash, of rich orange, barred in an odd manner; a double row of spots is scattered on the under side of the stomach, looking like buttons on a waistcoat, and the legs are barred.

"My, what gay little fellows they are!" exclaimed Helen.

"Yes, they are very fanciful in coloring," answered Aunt Amelia. "I have watched one of these cunning sailors make his craft and launch it, and it was an interesting cruise.

"Sitting along the bank of a stream one day, I noticed a spider looking for something in the grass; seizing a leaf, he lifted it and, with a few deft touches, binding them together with silken cords; then he quickly ran after another leaf and repeated the process until he actually had a raft with the size of his craft, when he spun his cords around the whole mass. The vessel was by this time, perhaps, an inch and a half thick and four inches across.

"Now he seized the little boat in his strong mandibles, or jaws, and drew it toward the water; resting a moment before he ventured, he examined the edge of the stream, and the fairy craft glided into the water, the gay sailor then springing upon it and floating away down the stream."

"How cunning he must have looked in his leafy boat!" exclaimed Dick. "Did you watch to see what became of him?"

"Yes; at first I touched him several times with a blade of grass, and how quickly he would scurry over the watery, expanding again when the supposed danger was over. I could plainly see how wary the sly sailor was, and in a twinkling he dashed over the water and seized his victim, swimming back to his raft to enjoy the feast at his leisure. After the meal was finished, I saw a little something that rippled the water, but alas! he did not come back this time, for he was lost.

"A hungry young frog may have spied and eaten him, or some gust of wind deserted boat drifted down the stream."

"And so ine cruel spiders sometimes come to an untimely end," said Helen.

"Yes, it seems they have their enemies, too, as well as everything else. There is another spider," continued Aunt Amelia, "which builds a web over water, a raft that has no fear of the water and frequently goes fishing. And there is still another that builds a diving bell by carrying down bubbles of air with it."

The Giants of Every Day.

Looking up from the picture book he was eagerly reading, Teddie exclaimed. "I'd like to be Jack the Giant Killer, and frighten all the old giants away!"

The other children laughed heartily at Teddie's choice, and Bob remarked:

"There aren't any such men. That's only a foolish story, you know. There aren't any giants."

Teddie looked disappointed. This was taking away the charm from his book.

"There are giants though," he cried. "Uncle John?" he asked, throwing down his book and coming over to his uncle's armchair.

Uncle John laid aside his paper, and took the little fellow upon his knee.

"Giants, Teddie?" he repeated, gravely. "Yes, my boy, there are a great many giants all around us. You will have to learn to be good fighters if we do not wish to be overcome by them."

Teddie beamed triumphantly, but the other children opened their eyes in wonder, and Alice asked:

"What do you mean, Uncle John?"

"My dear Alice," he answered, "there a one dreadful giant, named Intemperance, that is harder to conquer than any that the famous Jack ever vanquished. And there is another, called Selfishness, a terrible monster, with seven heads and a third named Cruelty, and a fourth named Dishonesty. We might mention ever so many more."

"Oh, that will do!" said Bob. "I meant there were no real giants."

"Well, these are fairly real giants, Bob. Did you ever try hard to fight one?"

Bob looked sober.

"I don't believe I've tried as hard as I might, sir," he confessed frankly. "I think my worst giant is: Bobbishness," he added slowly.

"And mine is Idleness," whispered Alice.

"What is mine? It must be my Quick Temper," admitted Nellie, blushing over the confession of real faults.

The three had formed a semi-circle around their uncle, and their bright faces were more thoughtful than usual.

Little Ted looked perplexed. They were talking in riddles.

"Has there ever been a giant?" he ventured.

The others laughed at this, but Uncle John answered kindly:

"I'm afraid so, Ted. Anything that keeps us from doing good is our giant that we have to fight. Have you one, my little man?"

The child's face flushed as he replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Yes; there are lots of them. There's my cross words to the nurse this morning; and I disobeyed mamma, and I broke papa's pencants that he told me not to touch; and I, O!" Ted stopped suddenly and hid his face on uncle's shoulder. The children didn't laugh this time.

Lotta's Spelling.

"Poor, poor Lotta!" sighed mamma. "Queer isn't it, that that child cannot learn to spell? I am never bothered by the spelling of my sister Lotta's letters. According to her report card Lotta's spelling seems to be getting worse instead. Can't you help her, Katherine?"

"Yes—" began Lotta.

"How do you spell pie?" interrupted Katherine.

"Why, p-i-e, of course," said Lotta promptly.

"Now, would you like a piece of pie?" asked Katherine. "Think of pie."

"I-e-s-," began Lotta.

"Can you spell wasp?"

"W-a-s-p-s."

"Yes, that's first," suggested Katherine.

"What's easy. W-a-s-?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Oh! W-a-s-p. Katherine, you are so good to help me spell!" said Lotta earnestly.

One day Miss Lane heard Lotta and some of her friends talking together very earnestly.

"You used to miss every day, Lotta," said one. "How is it you never do now?"

"Why, you just want a stick of some word you know already that is like the one you want to learn. Take these words in tomorrow's lesson. Nothing is so like Father is fat, nor Many is man, y. And so on. I just love to spell now!"

Spider-Web Thread

Thread made from the spider's web is lighter and stronger than that which comes from the silkworm. In France there is a factory used only for the manufacture of spiders' thread.

Royal Spanish Coach

The state coach used by the King of Spain is drawn by eight pure white horses, with white plumes and white harness.

Old Bob.

Old Bob was a good, faithful horse, though not quite so spry as he once had been.

"Jinky-boy" loved him because when his father was absent he fed and watered him, and when his mother wanted to go to town he drove out. Maisie loved him because she loved everything and everybody.

One day the children begged to take a ride on Old Bob's back.

Father said, "All right!" and threw them up. Maisie holding on tight to Johnny boy.

Mother said, "Aren't you afraid?"

Father said, "No." He was sure Old Bob would not do anything to hurt them, so off they went up the road, father and mother walking at leisure behind.

Old Bob was trotting along pretty briskly, and the children laughing with delight. The father was just remarking to his wife what a faithful servant the horse was, deserving all the kindness they could show him, when the riding party, which had gotten a considerable distance ahead, suddenly went down out of sight.

Father and mother quickly ran forward, and as soon as horse caught Mr. Brown saw what was the matter, and shouted to the children to jump off.

They did so, and immediately the wise old horse, who was sinking deeper and deeper in a muddy bog, raised himself over on his side, and then kept still until his master came and helped him out. The good creature must have known all the time this was the best thing for him to do, but he did not forget the children in his back who might have been hurt if he had thought only of saving himself.

Was he not truly grateful for the kindness they had shown him? and does he not deserve to be cared for as long as he lives? For this is a true story.

Why Piggy's Tail Curls.

Many years ago, so the legend says, when the world on which we live was first made, and only a few people lived there, the Good Spirit was out one day walking up and down the earth. By and by he met a very ferocious beast, and stopping, said, "Who made you?"

"I made myself," answered the beast.

"What were you created for?"

"To eat men and other children," was the reply.

Then the Good Spirit, knowing this must be the work of the bad man or evil spirit, told the beast that he was going to change it. At this it started to run away, but the Good Spirit caught it by the tail, and pulling it straight, put his finger in a curly pulled the beast back. Then he struck it on the nose and bending its head to the ground said, "Henceforth man shall eat you and not you man. You must dig in the earth with your nose for your living. This is the reason that the pig's nose inclines to the ground and his tail is curly."

Fisher, by Name.

A class was studying the description of the personal appearance of Ichabod Crane. The teacher asked: "What is the meaning of cognomen?"

Owen promptly answered: "Men who catch codfish."

Smallest Island

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone lighthouse stands. At low water the base is only thirty feet in diameter. At high water the base of the lighthouse is completely submerged.